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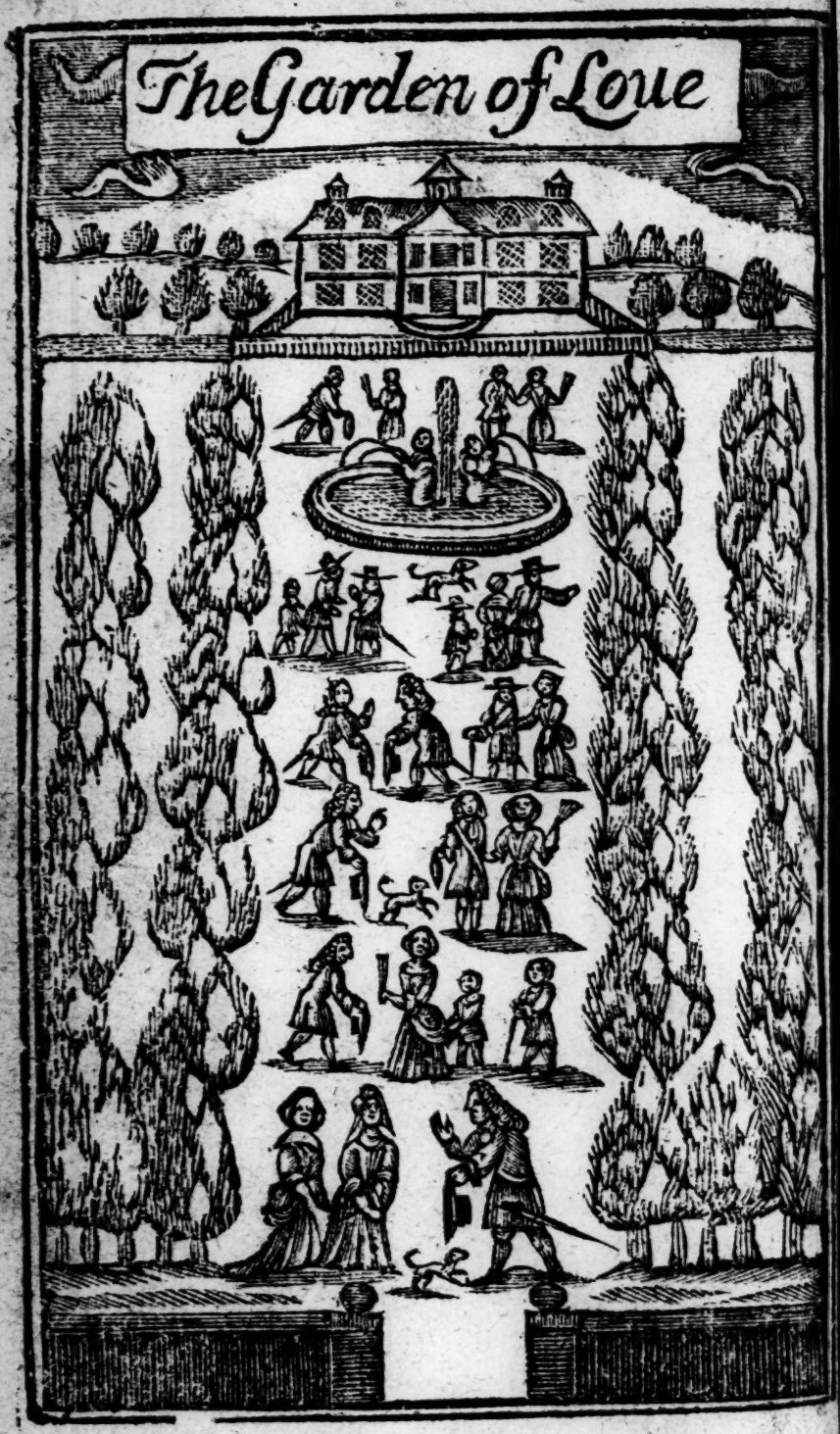
The Garden of Loue

THE Garden of Love, AND ROYAL FLOWER OF FIDELITY.

A Pleaſant

HISTORY.

Written Originally By Mr. *John Reynolds*; Author of *God's Revenge againſt Murder.*

Now much Amplify'd by ſeveral Hands.

The Seventh Edition, with Amendments and Alterations.

LONDON.

Printed for *Tho. Norris*, at the *Looking-glaſs* on *London-bridge*; and *Martin Boddington*, at the *Golden-Ball* in *Duck-lane*, 1721.

Licensed,

March the 16*th*.
1692.

Rob. Midgley.

THE EPISTLE TO THE READER.

Courteous Reader;

YOU *are here presented with the* Garden of Love, *and* Royal Flower of Fidelity; *a Theme always in request by* Cupid's *Admirers, and never disesteem'd by Heroick Spirits, where Virtue like a skilful Pilot, Steers Prudently: The Conclave of Ingenious Philosophers upon whose Serene Brows Discretion sits Triumphant, do declare their Opinion, That there is no Love equivalent to that which is built upon the Rock of Virtue; and Divine Experience, doth by Sacred Examples daily demonstrate to us,*

That Deſires which exceeds Honours Limits, are always in the Prime of their Hopes, meritoriouſly Croſt by ſome prejudicial Misfortune: Whereas, on the contrary, Love, Grounded on a Pious Determination, doth not only moſt flouriſhingly live in fortunate Proſperity, but likewiſe dieth in moſt bliſsful aſſured Felicity.

The Deity at all Times, abhorreth a Diſloyal Heart, and with the Events of Contentation, Crowneth that Love whoſe Effects tend to Unfeigned Fidelity: The Rage of Love's Paſſions are of that Magnitude, that in a manner, all eſteem Venus *powerful: For Firſt, She, as an indulgent Mother, Predeſtinateth, and* Cupid, *as her Obedient Son, ſtriketh whom ſhe Commands. By Nature, all Men are compounded of one Eſſential Subſtance, yet being produced under various Planets, Love, with her intricate Authority, doth Exerciſe her Cruelty more over ſome, than others, for Beauty hath ſuch Power, and her Power ſuch Virtue, that ſeldom any Mortal eſcapes from being ſometimes ſcorched with the ardent Flame of her Tyrannical Proſecutions; as well Potentates as Impotents, fight under the Banner of Beauty; and* Cupid, *the* Paphian *Archer, being Blind, as ſoon ſtrikes Robes, as Rags: Art can never*

never wear out the Impreſſion which Nature hath Imprinted, nor Dignities ever avoid that which Divinity ſetteth down for a Period.

All Men are Subjects to the God of Love; therefore no marvel if powerful Amours ſo ſeize the Hearts of Princes, that they build their External Felicity, upon the Embraces of their Sacred Admirers, and lay their Foundation of Hope and Happineſs, in being Enroll'd a Servant in their Saint-like Memories. Juvenile Fancies very often ſhoot at Rovers; yet being once in the Field of Love, Vanquiſhed by the Proſpect of ſome Excelling Beauty, they ſo render themſelves Captive to the Circe's *Enchantment of partial Complexions, that they will not only Engage their Conſtancy for the obtaining of the Hearts Deſire, but alſo lay their Lives at ſtake, and their Fidelities, for the Eſtabliſhing of their Breaſts Satisfaction: As the Sequel of this Hiſtory will make manifeſt.*

This Flower is never out of Seaſon, Winter *nor* Summer, *and hath this Virtue in it, being Diſtill'd into the Heart, it is a Perfect Antidote againſt Treachery. The Story itſelf was Penn'd above Forty Years ſince, by the Author of that Excellent Piece, Entituled,* God's Revenge againſt the Cry-

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ing Execrable Sin of Wilful and Premeditated Murder. *It hath had so good a Reception by many, that it hath undergone Six Impressions; which being all wither'd, I have bloomed a Seventh, though much Alter'd, Amended, and Modelled to the Honour of the Age, and will, I make no question, render Satisfaction to the Reader.*

S. N.

THE

THE GARDEN OF LOVE; AND ROYAL FLOWER OF FIDELITY.

IN the Thrice Renowned Island of *Cicilia* (which being situated in the Center of the *Mediterranean Sea*, is most gallantly embellish'd with the Treasure of *Ceres* and *Flora* (before ever the Pride of tyrannizing *Spain* insulted in those Quarters, there sometimes reigned

a virtuous and valorous King, nam'd *Druyno*; whoſe Skill in Martial Affairs, and Knowledge in induſtrious Sciences, did no leſs daunt the Courage of his profeſs'd Enemies Abroad, than with Content ſatisfie the Expectations of his Loyal Subjects at Home.

Having a long Time liv'd with his beautiful Queen *Gratiana* without Iſſue, being Daughter to *Polydore*, King of *Barbaria*, had at laſt in his declining Years, when Reaſon would have induced Men to believe that his hoary Hairs betoken'd an approaching Death, a gallant Son, to the no little Joy of his aged Father, and no leſs Rejoycing of his Loyal Subjects; who in Congratulation of the Nativity of their young Prince, ſo magnificently ſolemniz'd his Birth with ſuch Heroical Triumphs, that all Foreigners being Spectators of their voluntary Grandeur, might juſtly conclude them to be raviſhed in an Extaſie of Contentation.

The Prince being to be Baptized with ſuch Magnificence as was agreeable to his Royal Extraction, was by his Royal Father and Mother namd *Thalmeno*; & being nurs'd with Care, and diſciplined in Martial Exerciſes, he was at the Age of ſeven Years grown ſo great a Proficient in the School

of

of *Bellona*, that all the Aſtrologers at that Time did perfectly Prognoſticate, that his Princely Perſon would at the Age of Reaſon, undoubtedly merit to be triumphantly Crown'd with the Laureat Garland of *Olympian* Fame.

Beautiful he was of Complexion, more exquiſitely reſembling *Adonis* than *Paris*: Courteous he was of Demeanour; for his Benignity ſurpaſſed the Affability of *Alexander*; and exceeding Diſcreet he was of Capacity, for from his eloquent Tongue dropt the inchanted Phraſes of admired *Demoſthenes*. So that as Nature had ſurpaſſed her Skill, in framing him outwardly moſt excellent; Art likewiſe had beſtow'd her chiefeſt Curioſity in embelliſhing his Mind with the Priſme of ingenious Induſtry. *Pallas*, if ſhe had heard this Report, would have prais'd his Perfections: *Juno*, if ſhe had view'd his Perſon, would have forſaken her *Jupiter*; and the *Syrenes* themſelves, had they fix'd their Eyes upon his Features, would have withdrawn their Melody from timorous *Ulyſſes*, and tun'd the Harmony of their Voices to inveſt only *Thalmeno* their Favourite.

He in the bloomy Spring-time of his tender Juvenility demonſtrated ſo many

virtuous

virtuous Actions of his Princely Forwardneſs, that the King his Royal Father, rendred millions of Thanks to the Sacred *Jehovah*, for Bleſſing him with ſo ſweet a Son; and his joyful *Cicilians* yielded devout Gratulations to Goddeſs *Fortune*, for affording them ſo gallant an Heir to their flouriſhing Empire. Which heroical young Prince, being the Map of Modeſty, the Patron of Piety, and the Flower of Magnanimity, had no ſooner heard Time ſound the Fifteenth Year of his Age, but fixed his Mind upon renowned Travel, and did upon the Rock of his valorous Reſolutions, ſo conſtantly determine to experiment what the Event of his Princely Fortunes might produce, that Youthful, yet Majeſtical Deſires ſtill kindling within the Embers of his heroical Affection, did at laſt ſo flame to the abſolute Fire of deſperate Determination, that, cõme Life or Death, *Thalmeno* reſolved, and in reſolving, vow'd to withſtand the Blaſts of *Boreas*, and paſs the Surges of *Neptune*, the better to adorn the Storehouſe of his Royal Fancy, with the ſtrange accidental Sights of ſome foreign Novelties.

But Millions of Doubts began to incumber his aſpiring Imaginations; for firſt, conſidering, that to depart without leave were

to

to bereave his Father of his only Comfort; and to forſake *Cicilia*, were to withdraw his Staff of Conſolation; which Premiſſes conſidering, he reſolv'd to bury his Military Reſolutions in the Grave of Oblivion: ſo that ſmothering up the ſubmiſſive Motives of Obedience in the Concave of Self-will, and pricking forward his Senſes with the Dignify'd Spurs of Honour, he laſtly reſolved, that maugre the Effects of Fortune, or the Treachery of Time, very ſoon to depart.

But this his private Reſolution was not ſo ſecretly conceal'd, but the News thereof reach'd the Ears of his Couſin *Palmo*, being only Son to *Blithgora* King of *Egypt*, who being extraordinary well pleaſed with the Report, could reap no perfect Reſt, till he had engag'd himſelf a Participator of his Couſins adventurous Proceedings: Whereupon finding *Thalmeno* in a deſolate Arbour, he very Familiarly diſcovered to him the News he had heard of his deſign'd Intentions; which *Thalmeno* no ſooner underſtood, but he was overjoy'd that he had found ſo Princely a Partner of his future Fortunes, and to the Purity of his affectionate Entreaty, moſt ſoon condeſcended: ſo that each taking a Page, with ſuch Neceſſaries as were befitting

ting their Voyage, they very cloſely, in a Night, when the Moon being overſhadow'd with obſcure Clouds, and ſeem'd to condeſcend to their Reſolutions, moſt ſecretly departed, directing their Courſe to *Trapani*, one of the chiefeſt Ports in *Cicilia*; where finding an *Argazil* ready to ſet ſail, bound for the Country of *Arabia*, they inſtantly imbark'd themſelves, rejoycing that Dame *Fortune* had ſo ſoon provided them a ſpeedy Paſſage, without making the King or the Court acquainted with their Pretenſions. Soon were theſe two tender Princes miſſing, and for their Abſence, what ſorrowful Mournings, melancholly Aggravations, and diſtemper'd Dolefulneſs was in all places, but eſpecially in the Palace Royal, I refer to the diſcreet Reader's impartial Cenſure. And in reſpect that our Hiſtory depends not on their Bewailings, but on the adventurous Proceedings of our bloomy young Princes, I will for awhile leave their Sorrows to be comforted by Virtue of Patience, and return again to the Commonwealth of *Neptune*, whereon theſe our Princely Partners ſail'd; who appearing upon the Deck, not only reap'd the Pleaſure to ſee the *Armatho* furiouſly cut the Surges of the Seas, but alſo enjoy'd the Prerogative of delectable Exhi-

laration,

laration, in beholding the fruitful Gale fairly blow the Swan-like Sails from the tall Maſt: which ſo long laſted, that in time they were fortunately come within knowledge of their deſired Port, Whereat the whole Company, but eſpecially our two young Princes, rejoyc'd; they forthwith rendred many millions of Thanks to divine *Jove*, that ſo favourably had bleſt them with wiſh'd for ſucceſs: who ſeeing their *Argazil* at an Anchor, and having inveſted themſelves with other Garments, did thereupon deſire the Maſter to ſet them aſhore, which immediately was accompliſh'd; at whoſe triumphant Departure the Mariners let fly ſuch a thundring Peal of Ordnance, that the Report thereof rebounding from the Concavity of the clifty Shores, not only made theſe our valorous Martialiſts tremble, but alſo terrify'd *Bellona* herſelf, being reſident in the Citadel of her Celeſtial Monarch; but the ſmoak being Evaporated with the freſhneſs of the furious Wind, our Princes inſtantly attain'd the Shore, and royally rewarding the Boatſwain's Gang, they betook themſelves to their deſperate Adventures; where thro' the *African* Deſarts, they ſolitarily ſo long travell'd, that at laſt, being deſtitute of Food, and not finding where-

with

with to ſuffice Nature, in reſpect theſe Parts were not inhabited, they paſſionately tracing theſe unknown Groves, very lamentably began to exclaim upon the inhuman Diſaſters of their miſerable Calamities; but in vain, for they eſpy'd no Food to repleniſh their hungry Appetites, unleſs to have fed upon unknown Roots, which were not agreeable to their Palates; but hoping e're long to harbour themſelves in ſome homely Cottage, where with ruſtical Fare they might appeaſe their Hunger: Upon the Foundation of which Hope, advancing their Pace, they at laſt came to the deſcent of a deep Valley, where, with a faint Courage, very penſively walking, they through a Thicket of an ancient Foreſt, eſpy'd the Architecture of ſome Domeſtical Manſion, which to their ſorrowful Contemplations, produc'd unexpected Encouragement; but reſuming Courage to themſelves, thereunto directed their Courſe; where, being, to the outward Gate arriv'd, they beheld a famous Caſtle, but ſo ſolatary ſituated in the Center of the Foreſt, that the Wind piercing moſt dolefully through the Branches of the lofty Cedars, made ſuch a mournful Murmur, that the Dolefulneſs thereof drove our two young Princes into a fit of Effeminate Deſpair;

ſpair; but at laſt, Hunger ſo far conſtrain'd them, they reſolv'd to enter; where opening, the outward Gate, they paſt the firſt Court without eſpying any; and enrring the ſecond, they beheld a delicious Court, moſt ingeniouſly pav'd with curious Marble, which very ſtately was circumferenc'd with a ſumptuous arch'd Gallery, propt up by Pillars of bright ſhining Alablaſter; caſting their Eyes a ſmall diſtance, they eſpy'd a Lady, ſweet and amiably, who under the ſhady Leaves of a Fig-tree, ſate recreating her Senſes with the ſweet ſound of a well-tun'd Lute, to which ſhe joyn'd her raviſhing Voice, and harmoniouſly breath'd out theſe ſorrowful Verſes:

Ah! gentle Sleep, thou eaſer of my Woes,
Softly and quickly let my Eyes diſpoſe
Themſelves to pleaſing Slumbers, that I may,
In Dreams poſſeſs thoſe Joys deny'd by day:
Joys, which if real, were to that degree,
So great, were only fit for Gods, not me:
Then ſince Prince Mædor *does no pity take,*
Let me but dream, I'd never wiſh to wake.

The which, as ſoon as ſhe had ended, repeating over divers Times the Name of *Mædor*, one might eaſily perceive many Cryſtal

Cryſtal Tears diſtill down her Vermillion Cheeks, as alſo hear many deep Sighs which her perplext Heart ſent forth, as Teſtimonials of her tormented Paſſions; and therewithal lifting up her Eyes towards the Seat of her Celeſtial Maker, being overwhelm'd with too many inſupportable Sorrows, ſhe inſtantly fainting to the Ground, fell into a dangerous Trance. Which Tragical Object our two Princes perceiving, haſtily ſtept to her Aſſiſtance, and raiſing her from the flowry Bank whereon ſhe fell, they us'd ſuch preſervative Means for her Recovery, as their unskilful, tho' willing Induſtry could afford them; ſo that in Time, by good Fortune ſhe again recover'd; and ſeeing theſe two Strangers before her, ſhe was ſurpriz'd; and having Anger ſeated on her Brow, utter'd theſe Words:

'GEntlemen, (for ſo your Aſpects invite me to term you) if you 'knew how divinely quiet I endur'd this 'deadly Slumber into which I was entred, 'I abſolutely know, or at leaſt believe, 'that in Equity and Reaſon, you would 'have refrain'd from diſturbing me, and 'permitted me to reap the Benefit of 'my

‘ my Conſolation; but ſince Things paſt
‘ cannot be recall'd, becauſe Accidents once
‘ produc'd, do ſoon fly far, having Time's
‘ Wings, I will, on Condition you imme-
‘ diately depart, for this your firſt Of-
‘ fence, not eſteem you guilty. I have here
‘ wholly betaken myſelf to Sorrowfulneſs,
‘ and have long ſince devoted my Zeal to
‘ the Shrine of Diſconſolation; my Deſire
‘ is neither to ſee nor be ſeen, but rather
‘ to lead the Pilgrimage of my Life from
‘ the Sight of any; This ſolitary Place I
‘ have elected fot my Habitation; and
‘ here, unleſs Death prevent my Preme-
‘ ditations, I reſolve to wait the return of
‘ a dear Friend of mine, which inconſtant
‘ Fortune many Months hath detain'd from
‘ me. I, in reality hate the Sight of any,
‘ and for his Sake loath the Proſpect of
‘ all. Therefore, at the Requeſt of a ſor-
‘ rowful Lady, I beſeech you delay not to
‘ depart, that according to my accuſtom'd
‘ manner, I may ſincerely, upon the Altar
‘ of his Abſence, devoutly ſacrifice my af-
‘ fectionate Sighs, in token, that till Death,
‘ in the Garden of my Maiden Amity, the
‘ ſemblance of his ſelf, and *Idea* of his
‘ Perfections, ſhall, to my everlaſting Com-
‘ fort, immortally flouriſh.

The

The Princes with attentive Ears liſtned to the Effect of her Speeches, and having both very lowly made their Obeyſance, *Thalmeno* addreſs'd himſelf to her.

'MAdam, If our ſudden Arrival hath 'prejudic'd your ſorrowful Devo-'tions, or detain'd you from performing 'thoſe Vows to him, who is happier than 'any of his Fellow-Creatures, in being 'belov'd by ſo much Virtue as dwells 'in you; we are ready to acknowledge 'our Defect in being ſo preſumptuous, 'and expreſs our Sorrow; but ſince the 'Purity of our Pretence may plead for 'the Excuſe of our Rudeneſs, and the Inno-'cency of our Reſolutions, crave Remiſſion 'for our Boldneſs, we doubt not, but when 'hearing our ſorrowful Relation, you will 'in Equity afford us your gracious Pardon, 'and bury all our Offences in the Grave 'of Oblivion.

'To give you an Account, Madam, of 'our Extraction: We are both Princes, 'the one Heir apparent to the Crown of '*Egypt*, and the other to the Diadem of '*Cicilia*; our Names *Palmo* and *Thalmeno*, 'who in the Prime of our Minorities, re-

'ſolv'd

'ſolv'd to Travel, and ſo privately em-
'barking ourſelves, without Leave of our
'Royal Parents, we of late arriv'd in the
'next bordering Harbour; ſince which
'Time, as faithleſs and erroneous Fortune
'guided us, we ſtray'd into an unknown
'Deſart, where theſe three Days we have
'dangerouſly travell'd, without finding
'Suſtenance to relieve our Hunger; ſo
'that at laſt, ranging the ſolitary Fo-
'reſts, we fortunately arriv'd to this your
'Caſtle: Our Deſign, Madam, is not to
'incur your Indignation, but earneſtly to
'implore your Relief, that in paying the
'Debt we owe to Nature, we may avoid
'the tyrannizing Empire of Death, which
'moſt inhumanly doth now begin to reign
'over us; which if your gentle Pity ex-
'tends itſelf ſo far, we ſhall continually
'remain Servants both to your Bounty and
'Beauty; and, till the Period of Death,
'hold the Term of our Lives as again re-
'purchaſed by your Majeſtical Merits, and
'likewiſe depart when it ſhall pleaſe you
'to command us.

The Lady pondering upon theſe de-
plorable Speeches, very ſoon conceiv'd in
her Breaſt a Motion of Relaxation, ſe-
cretly

cretly inſpiring her to entertain them with all agreeable Curioſity: So that taking them kindly by the Hand, ſhe conducted them to a very ſumptuous Dining-room, and commanding her Virgins to furniſh the Table with ſuch as her ſolitary Habitation could afford; they very orderly, without any prolix Ceremonies, fell hungrily to their Meat; till Repaſt being done, and the Princes ſatisfied; *Thalmeno* ſtill burning with Deſire to know the effectual Cauſe of this Lady's deſolate Retirement, with a Princely Grace, continu'd his precedent Diſcourſe.

'Madam, If the Repitition af your 'Misfortunes renew not your Grief, or 'the Diſplay of your Sorrows increaſe 'not your Diſconſolations, I ſhould e'ſteem it a great Happineſs, might I 'obtain ſo much Favour at your fair 'Hands, as to inform us why you make 'this Deſart your domeſtical Manſion, 'and the Occaſion, why, with number'leſs Sighs, you repeat the Name of *Me'dor*. Indeed, Madam, ſo much Beauty 'and Divine Perfections ſhould rather be'fit a Monarch's Court than a rural Habi'tation, and a Prince's Bed than a Pil'grim's

'grim's Cottage; but Experience teaches
'us, that all are ſubject to Fate, and none
'exempted from Adverſity; for as ſoon
'the Prince as the Peaſant, the Lady of
'Honour as the pooreſt Virgin, are or may
'be croſs'd with *Cupid*'s Darts, the Sting
'of Sorrow, or the Tyranny of Misfortune;
'therefore dear Madam, if any of theſe
'offenſive Accidents have befallen you,
'with the Sovereign Salve of Patience ſo
'mollify your Paſſions, and raze out your
'Sorrows, that the Reſidence of Aggrava-
'tion may not over-top the Bloſſoms of
'your flouriſhing Juvenility, and ſo tra-
'gically bring yourſelf to the untimely
'End of a deſperate Martyrdom.

Prince *Thalmeno* having ended his Speech, the Lady made him this Anſwer.

'MOſt virtuous Prince, I will inform
'you, that I have long ſince loved
'a noble Cavalier, his Name I ſhall for-
'bear mentioning, by reaſon the Mo-
'tive will renew the Birth of my ac-
'cuſtom'd Diſconſolateneſs, yet in re-
'ſpect you ſhall not condemn me of per-
'verſe Ingratitude, I will, if you pleaſe

'to

'to attend my Arrival, go to my Closet, 'and there constrain my trembling Pen to 'set forth the Secrets of his Mistresses Sor-'rows, and in effect, to discover the sole Hi-'story of my, as yet, tragical Misfortunes.

Our two young Princes rejoycing at this great Favour, accepted of her kind Proffer; and so having familiarly saluted each other, she immediately departed to her Closet; but by that time an Hour was spent, the Lady descending the Stairs, presenting herself to their Views, delivered herself in this short Speech.

'MOst Renowned Princes! to satisfie 'your earnest Demands, here take 'this Scroll, wherein, though rudely, yet 'sincerely, I have demonstrated the Cause 'of my Retirement, and penn'd down the 'Griefs which in Heart I do more than sor-'rowfully endure. My present Wealth is 'such, as I cannot afford you many Gifts; 'yet, as a Testimony of my zealous Affe-'ction toward you, take this Provision, and 'small Sums of worthless Gold to supply 'your Necessities, when any future Occasion 'shall present. What incommodious En-'tertainment you have met withal in this

'Castle,

'Caſtle, I pray forget with Favour, or what is wanting of Reſpect in me, I beſeech you remit with Partiality, in recompence whereof, I will ſacrifice my devout Prayers for the eſtabliſhing of your Proſperity, and beſeech Heaven to ſend you a moſt fortunate and ſafe Return; in hope whereof, betaking you to your Journey, and myſelf to my accuſtomed Cell of Solitarineſs, I moſt dolefully, in all Honour, take my ſorrowful Leave.'

Thalmeno and *Palmo* receiving the Scroll, with Tears in their Eyes, kiſs'd her mournful Cheeks, and ſo rendring her Millions of Thanks for their unmerited courteous Entertainment, moſt ſorrowfully departed, directing their Courſe to a very high Mountain, whoſe Top having attained, they burned with deſire to peruſe the Scroll, that at laſt, caſting themſelves on a green Bank, embelliſh'd with the Eſſence of many diapred Flowers, under the Covert of a ſtately Pine-tree, whoſe Branches were likewiſe apparell'd with a Summer's Veſture; taking the Scroll, and opening it, found theſe Lines contained in it.

'ADmired Princes! for your virtuous
'and heroick Qualities, being you
'have requeſted my abrupt Muſe, to relate
'to you the Occaſion of this my ſolitary
'Retirement; know valorous Princes, I am
'*Florina*, the only Daughter of *Agenor*,
'King of *Numidia*; who attaining to the
'perfect Age, wherein Nature ſeems to
'triumph in the delectable Pleaſures of
'Nuptial Ceremonies, I was ſought for
'in Marriage by divers Princes, both of
'*Africa* and *Europe*; whereof, as the King
'my Father affected ſome for their private
'Wealth, ſo others I hated for their
'publick Enormities, in ſuch ſort that to
'be plain, I could not eſteem of any with
'whom I was contented to finiſh the re-
'mainder of this my terreſtrial Pilgrimage;
'by virtue whereof, I ſome two Years re-
'mained without either fixing my Eyes
'upon the Influence of Love, or ever devo-
'ting my Breaſt to the Shrine of Affe-
'ction. But at laſt, *Cupid* ſtormed at my
'Liberty, and *Venus* at my ſingle Eſtate,
'acknowledging that there was no Life
'but Love, nor no Paradiſe but the Plea-
'ſure of Marriage, they ſo bent their in-
'vective Ambition againſt my Innocency,

'that

'that at laſt, by the Means of *Fortune*, 'which had likewiſe intruded herſelf in 'the Union of their Simpathy, they un-'expectedly, to my Father's Court, ſent a 'lovely young Prince, named *Medor*, be-'ing Son and Heir to *Orlando* King of *Bia-'fara*, which Prince being penetrated with 'the flying Report of my worthleſs Per-'ſon, came to *Numidia*, to proteſt himſelf 'my Servant; upon whoſe beautiful Aſpect 'I no ſooner fix'd my Eyes, but I immedi-'ately felt the Flames of Fancy ſparkle 'within my tormented Breaſt. On the 'other ſide, Prince *Medor* ſo often fre-'quented our Royal Palace, that at laſt, 'if his Proteſtations were unfeigned, he 'repoſed his Bliſs in my Beauty, and reap-'ed his chiefeſt Pleaſure in enjoying my 'deſired Preſence: So that Time did, by 'reaſon of many amorous Glances, ſo 'firmly unite our Affections with a com-'bin'd Ratification, that in few Days I 'became Miſtreſs of his Thoughts, and he 'Maſter of my Imaginations.

'But now deſpiteful Deſtiny began to 'diſplay Part of his Infidelity, for the 'News of this our late Familiarity being 'noiſed throughout the Court, did at laſt 'arrive to the King, my Father's Ears,

'who raging at this unexpected Event, by reaſon he bore Malice to *Orlando* Prince *Medor*'s Father, reſolv'd not only to nip the Bloſſoms of this our tender Affections in the *April* of their Minority, but alſo to blaſt the Buds of our Love in the Spring-time of their Juvenility; in purſuance whereof, ſending for Prince *Medor* before him, ſo check'd him up with thundring Threats, and frown'd at him with invective Speeches, that in ſhort, though Prince *Medor* began with a pithy Oration to plead for himſelf, and in his Defence to deſcant upon his unmerited Cruelty; he not only commanded him to Silence, but alſo charged him to depart the Territories of his Kingdom.

'Ah infortunate Sentence for ſo ſweet a Prince! and moſt infortunate, becauſe being conſtrained to depart, he left me deſolate in the ſtormy Surges of Perplexity! Then after the King my Father, had bereaved me of this my Princely Lover, within whoſe Breaſt I repoſed my Happineſs, being not appeaſed with this Inhumanity, but ſtill ſeverely determining to inveſt me with the Recognizance of his Wrath, he ſo cruelly uſed me, and ſo unnaturally reſtrained my Liberty, that I

'could

could not one Minute reap Repoſe of my Imaginations, but continually lived in a moſt tormented Calamity; in reſpect whereof, ſacrificing my Oraiſons upon the Altar of Prince *Medor*'s Abſence, and devolving my Contemplations to the beautiful *Idea* of his Excellencies, accounting Courtly Joys vain glorious Trifles, and a Princely Life a ſplendid Miſery, in a Cymmerian Night, which ſeemed to allow of my Reſolutions, I departed the Court, and betook myſelf to the Eſtabliſhing of ſo ſorrowful a Life: So at laſt, *Fortune* reſolving to aſſiſt me in my Miſery, very happily made me retire hither; which ſolitary Caſtle doth ſo correſpond with my mournful Fancy, that for the ardent Affection which I bear Prince *Medor*, I firmly reſolve either here to attend his expected Arrival; or elſe to finiſh my days in manifeſtation of my Fidelity. Therefore, Dear Princes, attribute my Diſobedience to my Parents a favourable Cenſure, and I reſolve, that what my Pen preſcribeth, my Capacity ſhall perform; that is, immortally to remain faithful to Prince *Medor*, or everlaſtingly unfriendly to myſelf.

Which Scroll they had no ſooner peruſed, but pitying the Eſtate of the ſolitary Lady, they inſtantly vowed to range the Confines of *Africa*, in re-ſearching Prince *Medor*, that by their friendly Diligence, *Florina* from her deplorable Condition might be delivered: by virtue of which infus'd Reſolution, raiſing themſelves from the verdant Graſs, they at laſt, with familiar Amity, proſecuted their Journey in ſuch a pleaſant manner, that *Phœbus* adorning the Day with his radiant Beams, they traverſing many lofty Mountains, and pleaſant Valleys; at laſt, towards the Approach of drowſy *Veſper*, arrived to a ſilver Fountain o'er-veil'd with a Canopy of a ſprouting Cypreſs, who frizling his curled Locks, took this Cryſtal Spring to be his reflective Mirrour, whereon, with *Narciſſus*, delighting to gaze, he continually trimmed himſelf in his verdant Jollity. Many Angelical Nymphs they likewiſe ſaw circumferencing this Fountain in a Dance, who, reſembling *Daphne*, had their ſplendent Hair dallying with the Nectar-Breath of amiable *Zephyrus*, being all apparell'd in Crimſon Robes, embroider'd with Lillies and Cowſlips; who no ſooner beheld our two Cavaliers approaching,

proaching, but thinking that the Shepherds and Satyrs had ſent them as Spies, thereby to intrap them in ſome treacherous Ambuſcado, they forthwith flew through the Thickets, far ſwifter than ever did *Atalanta*, when ſhe ran with *Hippomanes*: Our Princes ſeeing this amorous Troop fled, were exceeding ſorrowful that their Arrival hindred their Paſtimes, ſo that ſaluting them with a ſhrill Hollow, and perceiving none returned, they inſtantly ſate them down upon the Brim of the Fountain; where gathering many *Dafadillies* and other Flowers, they dipping in the orient Water, therewith beſprinkled their Faces to refreſh their Spirits; ſo long, till reflecting their ſight upon the Excellency of the neighbouring Paſture, they at laſt eſpy'd a verdant Tent, on whoſe lofty Turret a Snow-white Enſign flouriſh'd in the Air; whereat admiring, becauſe they could not conjecture what this delightful Object ſignified, they then both very joyful directed their Courſe thither; which no ſooner they approached, but they perceived it to be an *Eglantine* Bower, beſpread with *Colombines* and *Damask-Roſes*, ſo that burning with Deſire to ſurvey every Part of it, they at laſt reſolutely entred; where a ſnowy Beagle, with

Argus Eyes, vigilantly ſaluted them with his ſhrill barking Note; which arowſing a Nymph his Miſtreſs from her Repoſe, at this uuexpected Alarm began to tear thro' the Bower.

But *Venus* and *Diana*, having metamorphos'd their fore-paſt Malice to a future Sympathy, ſo ordain'd, that her Amber Locks ſhould be entangled in the *Eglantine* Briars; whereat our Princes taking hold of her looſe Garments, did, notwithſtanding her Force, compel her to ſtay; but the Nymph thinking them to be *Apollo* and *Jove*, who had deſcended from Heaven to raviſh her Virginity on Earth, bitterly cry'd out, and miſerably tore the Treſſes of her Hair in a Rage, the which our Princes perceiving, with fair exhortative Speeches began to appeaſe her Aggravation, requeſting her only to conduct them to ſome adjoining Cottage, where for that Night they might aſſuredly reſt in ſome peaceful Tranquility. Whereat this jolly Nymph raiſing herſelf from the Earth, and returning them Millions of Thanks, bedecking her Lilly Countenance with a Cherry Complexion, very freely conducted them through the Woods and Foreſts, where many Troops of lightfooted Satyrs ran before, as triumphant

phant Heralds to proclaim them Paſſage; ſo long, till radiant *Titan* flying the *Zenith* of our Horizon to light the obſcure *Antipodes*, ſhe at laſt brought us to a ſumptuous Palace, whoſe Pyramids and Towers loftily preſumed to elevate their Tops in the Azure Skies; the glorious Sight whereof, made them to conjecture it to be that admired Palace of *Felicia*, ſo much dignified by the Pens of civil and prophane Poets; for the Walls were of gliſtering Alablaſter: the Gates of pure Cryſtal, the Pavement of black Jet, intermix'd with azur'd Marble, the Battlements of refined Gold, the Arches of ſtately Porphyre, the Windows of tranſparent Diamonds, beſet with Carbuncles and Saphires, and the Roof of Vermillion Coral, wrought Checkerwiſe, with orient Guards of Silver: The interior Lineaments owed nothing in correſpondence to the outward Edifice; for the Portals and Galleries were of white Ivory, the Bedſteads of clarent Amber, the Coverlids and Curtains of green Damask, imboſſed with Emeralds and Chryſolytes, and the the Tapeſtry of Crimſon Velvet embroider'd with Amethiſts and Pearl: In the ſpacious Court and delicious Bowers which *Flora* had adorn'd with the Treaſures of her painted Drapery were

likewiſe many curious Fountains, ſome convey'd thither by the inſtinct of Nature, and others they erected by the ingenuity of Art. There you might have ſeen *Diana* rais'd aloft upon a ſtately Pillar, with a Bow in one Hand, and a Banner, wherein was character'd *Chaſtity* in the other; from whoſe Alablaſter Paps the Water ſweetly diſtilling, was by her Nymphs in Chryſtal Veſſels receiv'd, and ſo artificially convey'd to the Fountains Center: And alſo another, where *Pallas*, *Minerva*, and *Juno*, do from their beauteous Breaſts rain Veins of Water upon the Faces of *Daphne* and *Philomela*; the which entring their Coral Lips, do diſtil to the Concavity of their Chryſtalline Paps, from whence with a ſtern Countenance they furiouſly ſpout it in the Eyes of inhumane *Jupiter*, and luſtful *Tereus*: Alſo upon the Borders of theſe Fountains are growing many fruitful Fig-Trees, whereon artificially range divers harmonious Birds, whoſe celeſtial Muſick, according with the Waters murmur, doth yield forth many raviſhing Tunes of Angelical Melody; ſo that there wanted no Ornaments to make this ſumptuous Palace a Terreſtrial Paradice: it was impaled with lofty Cedars, fenced Drawbridges,

bridges, and impregnable Bulwarks, as alſo circumferenced with curious Rivers, within whoſe ſilver Streams many ſnowy Swans moſt pleaſantly imbathed themſelves; ſo that our two Princes with their Nymph, being arrived to this dignified Palace, were forthwith met by an ancient Matron, who ſeeming to be the Lady thereof, very kindly bad them Welcome: Her Habit of a Sable Hue, having her ſnowy Hair hanging down her Face, her Beauty ſeem'd to be nipt by Age; yet in the Lineaments of Complexion lay furrowed the Anatomy of an indifferent Countenance: The Arches of her ſorrowful Eyes were over-veil'd with a crimſon Dye, from out whoſe Conduits it appear'd many briniſh Tears had had their Iſſue; which deſolate Lady, after having had ſome Conference with theſe our unknown Princes, and perceiving how the Zeal of their youthful Reſolutions were devoted to Travel, ſhe with a faint Voice deliver'd herſelf.

'COurteous Friends, for ſuch I hope
'you are, fear not to enter this Pa-
'lace, but advance with Freedom; for
'your Eyes ſhall be preſented with ſuch
'delightful Objects, as ſhall both pleaſe

'your

" your Thoughts, and ſolace your Con-
" templations.

Whereat ſhe abruptly broke off, and ſo as faſt as ſhe could, fled to the Foreſts. Our Princes ſeeing the ſudden Departure of this ancient Lady, exceedingly admired what this unlook'd for Novelty meant; but at laſt arming their Reſolutions, with Courage, as alſo ſeeing the ſable Night begin to o'er-veil the Element with Obſcurity, taking leave of their Nymph, they boldly entred, where no ſooner they had paſt the outward Gate, but they were forthwith met by two glorious Virgins, who ſaluting them with a ſmiling Countenance, arm in arm moſt lovingly conducted them to a ſtately Theatre, where they beheld many amorous Ladies and Cavaliers circumferencing themſelves in a Dance: Having here for a while fill'd their Eyes, they then by the Ladies were conducted to a very rich Bed-Chamber, where divers frolickſome Sparks were unchaſtly courting their beauteous Miſtreſſes, and in ſuch an indecent manner that *Veſta*, nay, *Venus* herſelf, could ſcarce refrain from bluſhing at their immoderate Familiarity. Being glutted with variety of unchaſt Proſpects, they were

were at last, by many radiant Tapers lighted to their Chambers; where, to pass away the tediousness of the Night, two lascivious Ladies were proffer'd to bear them Company; but our young Princes, altho' ardently tempted with carnal Enchantments, had their immoveable Resolution character'd upon Honour's Foundation, and not accepting of this unexpected Civility, very virtuously craved their Absence; when thinking to repose themselves, they were instantly again solicited by two tender Virgins, who bringing two Ivory Lutes in their Hands, with their melodious Musick, thought to lull their Premeditations asleep; their Breasts were nakedly unmask'd to the Spectator's Eye, where one might apparently behold their Alablaster Paps swell and sink at an instant, as being inspired with the luxurious Wind of unsatiable Desire. Immodest Smiles they had at command, and with the *Hyæna* their Eyes darted forth a prejudicial Summons; their Garments were both gay and loose, in all things fitly corresponding with their inward Qualities; and their glistering Locks most viciously sported with their Chrystal Complexions, as the amiable Fetters of Lust to enchant the Approaches.

But

But neither their *Syren* deceitful Melody, their venemous Glances, nor their alluring lascivious Gestures, could either with *Circes*, charm the Genius of our Princes, or else, with *Medea*, inchant their Generosity to range beyond the Bounds of Modesty; but like two religious Pilgrims, they valorusly fought against vicious Concupiscence, and ardently devoted their Zeal to the Shrine of Virtue: So that not regarding their Smiles, nor esteeming of their Temptations, they resolutely thrust them out of their Chamber, and so securely locking and bolting the Door, betook themselves to rest.

But *Morpheus* had not long detained their Spirits in delicious slumber, but having contracted his Influence with the instinct of Celestial Deity, they were in the depth of their Nocturnal Sleep aroused by a hideous Clamour, which rattled in the Palace with such a thundring Noise, as if the Fabricks, nay, Foundation thereof were subject to a sudden Revolution; grievous Groans were plenty, Cries were common, and all diverted to such a tempestuous confused *Chaos*, as if the *Atlas* of the World had in the vivacity of his Fury summoned the Confines of the Earth to the dreadful Day of Judgment: Whereat our two young

Princes,

Princes, as having their obtuſe Senſes repleted with Fear, and their Heroical Fortitude daunted with Puſillanimity, inſtantly left ther Beds, as if they had been tranſcended to the infernal Concavity of obſcure *Acheron*; thinking that their Glaſs of Life was already run, and that inhumane *Thanatos* had now taken his tyrannical Darts in's Hand to finiſh the Period of Terreſtrial Cataſtrophes. But, whilſt being thus in the ſuppoſed way to Deſtruction, behold, there inſtantly appeared to them a delectable Dwarf, apparel'd in Crimſon, which to evaporate their timerous Deſpair, with an angelical Voice pronounced theſe Lines.

Fly Vice, fly Sin, fly earthly Vanity.
And with a Martial Courage Fear diſplace;
Detract no Time, but with Celerity, (*Face,*
Come, view the Beauty of Dame Virtue's

Our Princes ſeeing this pretty Pigmy, and with adviſed Deliberation pondering upon the Etymology of his Speeches, could not at firſt refrain from being aſtoniſhed; but at laſt ruminating more ſeriouſly which way to elect for their Security, they both at laſt reſolv'd to follow the tender Guide, thereby to free themſelves from the Peril of this

this Stratagem: Upon which Reſolution arming their Courage with Magnanimity, they, as having *Pegaſian* Wings, flew thro' the Courts, directing their Pace to a lofty Mountain, from whence they eſpied this glorious Palace to be ſuddenly ſwallow'd up in the Earth's Concavity, and in ſuch an admired manner, that no appearance of Foundation remain'd, but was utterly raz'd out, as if the Being thereof had never been there erected: Which proſpective Accident our Princes could not at firſt believe, but inſtantly thereupon ſurmis'd that their Eyes and Imaginations had been deluded with Invaſions. The Dwarf perceiving their doubtful Perplexities, ran away from them and to comfort their Paſſions, the old forlorn Lady, which they firſt met, again preſented herſelf to their Views; and ſo, after having lowly ſaluted them, very mournfully uttered this Speech.

'MY Sons, *ſays ſhe*, my Name is *Vir-*
'*tue*, who of my own Authority
'have invented this Tragedy for your Ad-
'vantage; the glorious Manſion which
'you have ſeen deſtroyed, was the Palace
'of Folly, wherein only remained the
'Imps of luxurious Iniquity; who pam-
'pering

'pering up luſtful *Cytherea*, were always
'Perſecutors of chaſt *Diana*; my Society
'they ever diſdained, and contumelioufly
'ſmother'd my Temples with the Contagi-
'ous Inceſt of Debauchery; amongſt which
'diabolical Regiment *Perjury* was familiar,
'*Swearing* no Sin, *Pride* a Pearl, *Luſt* a Lord,
'*Ambition* a Saint, and *Treachery* a God-
'deſs; but now, my Sons, their immoderate
'Pride is paſt, their unchaſt Deſires exte-
'nuated, their fanatical Oaths drowned,
'their aſpiring Ambition evaporated, their
'graceleſs Treachery aboliſh'd, nay, and all
'their obſcene Actions with themſelves, ut-
'terly deſtroy'd, and furiouſly ſent to the
'infernal Pit of everlaſting Perdition; there-
'fore beware by their ſubtle Devices, and
'let the Mirror of their Misfortunes ſerve
'as an Inſtance to impale you within the
'Circumference of Piety; and to the end,
'that being abſent, you may ſtill ponder
'and premeditate upon Exhortations; here
'take this Paper, and obſerve ſuch divine
'Counſel as I have therein preſcribed.

Which having ſaid, ſhe in the twinkling of an Eye elevated herſelf in the Air, and ſo a Cloud o'erveiling her in the Cincture of his Embracements, ſhe immediately va-niſhed.

Our

Our Princes astonished hereat, took up the Paper, and opening it, found these Rules contained in it.

1. *BUilt the Foundation of thy Faith upon Purity and Piety, that thy Zeal be not eclipsed with the Contagion of Idolatry, but rather perfumed with the sweet Incense of Sincerity.*

2. *Let devout Prayers be a Mediatrix between Heaven and thyself: for it is the most assured Step to obtain Felicity.*

3. *Conceal thy Secrets in the Closet of thy Breast, lest rashly displaying them to others, thou produce the Prejudice of thine own Tranquility.*

4. *Fly Ambition, as the Poison of the Sense; and detest Envy, as the Canker of thy Contemplations.*

5. *Gaze not on Beauty, lest it ingender Repentance; but loath a lascivious Courtezan, as the Scourge of Iniquity.*

6. *In thy Actions be faithful; lest being blemish'd with Reproach, thou impair thy Reputation.*

7. *Honour thy Prince as God's Anointed; and if Occasion present, live and die for thy Country.*

8. *Detest vain glory, as the Venom of Sin, and abolish Superstition as the Cloak of Ungodliness.*

Which

Which having read, and knowing the ſacred Influence thereof tended to the eſtabliſhing of their Celeſtial Tranquility, they ſo imprinted it in their Memories, as it futurely ſhould ſerve for a fenced Circumference, to retain them within the Confines of Piety; ſo as triumphing that Fortune had preſented them with ſo ſacred an Inſtance, they very joyfully departed. But when *Aurora*, the Daughter of *Theris*, had no ſooner skipp'd from the Bowers of *Neptune*, and ſaluted the Excellency of tranſplendent *Phœbus*, but our Princes afreſh prepared themſelves for their Journey: When early in the purpled Morn, when radiant *Titan* begins to give his Welcome to the verdant Mountains; the Satyrs, Fawns, and Nymphs danced thro' the Foreſts, and doleful *Philomela* warbled forth her Tragedy; they were by a ſoft Wind, which cauſed the tender Leaves to quaver, made acquainted with the pleaſant ſound of a raviſh'd Cornet; the delicious tripple Echo whereof, redoubling through the thickneſs of a curled Grove, there next adjoining, gave ſuch a graceful Harmony to the aforeſaid Melody, that our Princes were perforce conſtrain'd to find out the ſaid unknown excellent *Orpheus*, to

the

the end he might for a while recreate their diſtemper'd Senſes, with the rare exquiſiteneſs of his praiſe-worthy Art: And ſo directing their Courſes by their attentive Ears, they at laſt arrived to the Proſpect of a fair Valley, in the midſt thereof ran moſt leiſurely a ſilver Stream, whoſe Banks in equal diſtance were beſet with fruitful Limon Trees; on the Branches whereof, they might afar off eſpy the yellow Citrons naturally growing; Which delightful pleaſant Proſpect ſo well contented their youthful Imaginations, that immediately they bent their Courſe directly to the ſaid Arboury; where entring, they eſpied this famous Muſician, a beautiful young Boy, apparell'd in white, and crowned with a Laurel Garland, and ſet upon a flow'ry Bank, cloſe by the River's ſide, unto whoſe Melody moſt attentively liſt'ning, they at laſt in a fragrant Bower of *Eglantine*, eſpied an aged Father, which as it ſeem'd by the Furrows of his Face, had in his tender Years endured many diſtaſtful Calamities; his Habit was of black Sables, which reaching not ſo low as his Knees, was about his Waſt begirt with a Willow Striple; his Viſage was pale and wan, and his ſnowy Beard deſcended almoſt to his ſorrowful Middle; in his Hand he held a Brazeil

Brazeil Staff, which was the feeble Supporter of his withered Age: and before him, on a Table of Swanlike Alablaſter, lay open *Burton*'s Anatomy of Melancholy, gilded and extraordinary Beautiful, whereon in Reading, he ſolitarily buſied the *Chimera* of his tormented Brain; which Proſpect as ſoon as our Princes eſpied, being tranſported with Deſire to know the Cauſe of his diſconſolate Retirement, they boldly entred: where interrupting him from his earneſt Study, Prince *Palmo* addreſſed himſelf to him as followeth.

'MOſt Venerable Father, if our audacious Arrival have diſturbed your Study, or our Preſence your Patience; we beſeech you to pardon the Firſt, though a raſh Attempt; and excuſe the Second, as being an unwilling Enterprize: Travellers Ears are, you know, Lovers of Novelties, and are as earneſt in ſatisfying their Curioſity, as the *Antipodes* is of the Sun's Brightneſs, therefore, Reverend Sir, we earneſtly beſeech you, to relate to us the Occaſion of this ſolitary Retirement, and the Motive which induced you to Embrace this auſtere Life; and alſo to afford us ſo much Favour, as we may under

'der the Support of your Goodneſs, erect
'our Reſidence, for a while; and ſo avoid-
'ing the ſcandalous Imputation of Vaga-
'bonds, betake our Reſolutions to the ob-
'taining of peaceful Tranquility.

The ancient Father perceiving by his Speeches, that he had been train'd up in the School of Virtue; and alſo judged by their Phyſiognomy they were Iſſued from ſome Noble Extraction, very freely, but with a Gravity which ſeem'd to embelliſh his Speeches, return'd them this friendly Reply.

'GEntlemen, your Arrival hath neither
'diſturbed my Study, nor your Pre-
'ſence prejudiced my Patience; for as my
'Nature is not attractive to Severity on
'the one ſide; ſo on the contrary, I make
'uſe of the other at leiſure; therefore to
'my ſorrowful Cell you are both very wel-
'come; and in reſpect a friendly Demand
'deſerveth a familiar Reply, Know Gen-
'tlemen, that the Bower which I have here
'cauſed to be erected within the Incirculets
'of this fruitful Grove, I make my reti-
'ring Place, when paſſionate Fancies begin
'to ſurround my diſtemper'd Senſes. This
'Boy being an Orphan, for Charities ſake

'I

'I have cauſed to be inſtructed in ſhrill 'Muſick, to the End that when my Eyes 'dazle with over-much Reading, he may 'with his loud Melody arouze my Spirits 'from the Thoughts of Slumber, and ſo 'put me in Mind of my accuſtom'd Duty, 'which in Heart I immortally owe to the 'ſorrowful Shrine of my dead Saint, which 'whilſt ſhe liv'd, I affected more dearly 'than myſelf; and being now dead, will 'honour with ſuch ardent Fidelity, that 'future Ages ſhall have a meritorious In-'ſtance, to Acknowledge, that till Death, 'and after, to my fair *Excellina* I remain'd 'compleatly conſtant.

'Ah ſweet *Excellina!* which ſacred 'Name when I repeat, enforceth my Cor-'dial Blood to diſtill from my ſorrowful 'Heart, and alſo my briniſh Tears to de-'ſcend my penitent Cheeks; She! oh ſhe! 'was the only Daughter of a valorous 'Knight, whom I long courted with un-'feigned Love, and at laſt having received 'many bitter Repulſes, obtain'd the Enjoy-'ance of her gracious Affection; whereof 'her Shrewiſh Step-mother being by Miſ-'fortune throughly advertiſed, as one that 'rather ſought her Ruin than Advance-'ment, ſhe ſo ſeverely watched her, and

'moſt

'moſt inhumanly uſed her, that her Father 'being abſent in a far Journey, ſhe moſt 'tyrannouſly immur'd her up in a Veſtal 'Dungeon; where ſeeing ſhe could by no 'Means obtain a Sight of me, in bitter 'Anguiſh, bidding the World, but moſt 'chiefly me, Farewell! Moſt dolefully 'yielded Nature her due; in remembrance 'of whom, at the end of this Grove, in a 'fragrant Valley, I have, as Duty and Love 'prompted me, erected a Tomb, whereunto, 'till the Period of my Days, I have vowed 'daily to offer her not only my devout O-'riſons, that I may quickly follow her, 'but alſo my throbbing Sighs, as repentant 'Witneſſes of my Calamity: Therefore 'Gentlemen, if you pleaſe to afford ſo much 'Time to walk thither, your Eyes may be 'Spectators of that which I have with Grief 'and Aggravation diſcover'd to you; and 'after give you ſuch Inſtructions in your 'Travels, that doubtleſs, if the Celeſtial 'Influence croſs not your Fortunes, you 'ſhall find them very profitable to you, and 'in your Adventures no way prejudicial.

The two Princes returning him Thanks for his proffer'd Civilities, very willingly to his Demand, ſoon condeſcended, and

ſo

ſo walking through Ranks of lofty Cedars, which with their verdant Branches beautify'd the adjoining ſilver Stream, they at laſt arriv'd to a ſacred Chappel, which with Alabaſter Walls circumferenc'd that glorious Tomb; where entring, they eſpy'd it ſo adorn'd with munificent curious Workmanſhip, that the view thereof drove them ſpeedily to approach near to it, where they beheld the Body of it to be of Dove-white Ivory, whoſe Cover being of radiant Jet, and upon it the Picture of *Excellina* in Crimſon colours, moſt ingeniouſly Portrayed, and under her Feet, in Characters of Gold, namell'd with Azure, this Epitaph,

Within this Ivory Tomb doth lye
The Phœnix of pure Modeſty,
Sweet Excelline! *whoſe Beauty rare*
With Helen's *Fame may well compare:*
Nay, Helen's *Fame ſurpaſſing ſure,*
Which did the Grecians Love procure;
Being in Jove's *Imperial ſight*
A Nymph excelling Juno *bright:*
Cut off by fatal Siſters Three,
In confidence of Love's plaudite.
Therefore if any paſs this way,
And with penitential Tears do pray,
That ſhe may in the Elizian *Plain*
Until Eternity remain:

Still Crown'd with Hearts delicious Joy,
And freed from Rage of dire annoy.

Which Epitaph they having no ſooner read; as alſo reviewing the Tomb and her Effigies, they very ſorrowfully departed to find out the ancient Mourner, who purpoſely attending their coming, took them by the Hand, the Tears appearing in his Eyes, with ſome faltring in his Speech, he continued his Diſcourſe.

'Ah Gentlemen! my Grief is ſuch, that I 'loath my Life; and were it not too much 'offenſive to my Soul, I could willingly be 'inſtrumental to my own untimely Mar'tyrdom, but alas! I know that that would 'be a Sacrifice too abominable in the ſight 'of Heaven; which is the only Rein that 'withdraws me from executing my Reſo'tions: For why, though I live, I live diſ'contented, and by my Death my Grief 'would enjoy a Period. Should I, the moſt 'miſerable of all Mankind, be the Occaſion 'of ſo much Virtues Deſtruction? Or, by 'my means ſhould ſo noble a Virgin be de'prived of her future Felicity; no, *Delmon*; 'reſolve not to live, but die in memory 'of her Martyrdom; for ſo ſhall thy Ag-

'grava-

'gravations end, and thy everlasting Joys commence.

Our two Princes, seeing him launch out so far in the diversity of amorous Sorrow, thought it requisite to recal him from his passionate Sadness, and interrupted him, *Thalmeno* began as followeth:

'Venerable Sir, I should think the Effects of amorous Contemplation should 'be now, through Age, purg'd from your 'Memory, and the remembrance of past 'Pleasures dry'd up in Oblivion; for it is 'not for you who are ready to salute the 'Grave, to sacrifice Sighs to *Cupid*; but 'rather for Juvinile blood to fight under 'the Banner of Beauty. Remember therefore with yourself, that *Venus* by *Apelles*'s 'Boy was painted with fresh Colours, and 'not with a wither'd Visage; and though '*Vulcan* offer'd to the Shrine of *Juno*, yet 'he at last acknowledg'd his Fault, and was 'for his Simplicity laugh'd at by *Jupiter*: 'Therefore Sir, consider now with your 'self, that that fair Excelline whom you 'ador'd, is now extinct, and cannot by any 'mortal Means be again revived; in re'spect whereof, pray dry up those Tears,

'and forget any more to devote your Ori-
'sons to the Image of *Cytherea*; Thus
'fighting againſt Concupiſcence, your Ac-
'tions may approve you to be unſpotted
'for the Celeſtial Regions, and while tra-
'cing on this Earthly Vale of Miſery,
'to obſerve a bliſsful Graceſulneſs of aged
'Staidneſs.

Delmon perceiving he was anſwer'd ſome-what roundly, inſtantly wept afreſh, becauſe their exhortive Speeches touch'd him to the quick: But at laſt comforting his ſor-rowful Muſe with Patience, he with his Tears requeſted them to enter his Cell, and to accept of ſuch homely Fare as his Pover-ty could afford, whereunto they willingly agreed; and ſo deluding the time with a familiar Conference, they a long time ſo-lac'd themſelves in amorous Prattle, till at laſt repaſt being ended, and the Princes ready to depart, *Delmon*, with as much Free-dom as his Paſſion would permit, at their Farewel gave them theſe Inſtructions.

'Heroick Gentlemen, ſeeing your Re-
'ſolutions are bent to Travel, I ſhall in-
'form you, that ſome Leagues from hence
'in the Kingdom of *Zanfara*, reigns the

'famous

famous *Brilion*, whose Virtue doth no less rejoice his Subjects, than his Valour doth daunt his Enemies; rewarding each according to his Merits, and retaining no Honour from those who demonstrate their Actions to be absolute Magnanimous; so that for Wisdom he may well be esteem'd a *Solomon*; for Majesty a *Cæsar*; for Prowess a *Scipio*; and for Benignity an *Alexander*: His Court may also be term'd the Rendezvous of the Flower of Chivalry; for there are always resident abundance of Cavaliers; which as they esteem Discretion a chief Point of Valour, so they are no ways backward to adventure their Lives for the establishing of their Fame; their Senators likewise are both Grave, politick and provident; which from the Sincerity of their Contemplations, account Ambition a heinous Crime, and Treachery a deadly Sin. The Pastors also are both zealous and venturous, admonishing their Flocks, not like *Baal*'s Priests, to place their Religion upon diabolical Idolatry, but to ground their Zeal upon that Celestial Temple, whose Foundation and Pavement, is Faith and Purity; whose Doors and Arches, Devotion and Amity; whose Pillars and Windows, Piety

'and Sincerity; whose Galleries and Towers are Glorification and Humility: their Ladies and Damsels are likewise both gracious and fair, and generally so chast, as if *Diana* and Nature had adorn'd them with the Pride of their Excellency; being of Gesture, modest; of Capacity, quick; of Quality, kind; and of Behaviour, courteous.

'Therefore Gentlemen, if you direct your Course thither, you shall generally see each live by the fertileness of his own Land, each reap the Fruit of his own Vine, and content sit smiling in every Corner: There may you behold the fragrant Fields adorn'd with their verdant Vestures, the lofty Trees with their gay Garments, and the delicious Arbours with their diaper'd Treasure of *Flora*; as also the Mountains o'er-veil'd with snow-white Flocks, their Meadows with the Riches of *Ceres*, and their Vallies with Daffadils and prime Flowers. In their Parks you may see Regiments of Fallow-Deer running untaken; and in their Forests you may behold Troops of Nymphs trace unravish'd; and to be brief, on every Bush harmonious Birds warbling forth their Melody.

Thalmeno

Thalmeno and *Palmo* perceiving that *Delmon* had finish'd his Speech, being transported with the Report of so flourishing a Kingdom, giving him thanks for their kind Entertainment, and for his virtuous Exhortations, very joyfully departed: where travelling a long Time these unknown Countries, they at last very fortunately arriv'd at the chiefest City of *Zanfara*, where the Court then was; and taking up their Lodging in the best Inn which the City did afford, they there some three days rested, to refresh themselves of their forepast troublesome Travels; and after having, as was requisite, given Almighty *Jove* most humble Thanks for their safe Arrival, they betook themselves to their private Parley, where *Thalmeno* began as follows.

'Dear Cousin, We are now in a King-
'dom far from our Native Country; and
'therefore it behoves us to settle our Pro-
'ceedings upon the main of some Resolu-
'tion, to the end we may futurely avoid
'the Receipt of insuing Misfortunes,
'therefore understanding that the King
'exceedingly delighteth in Heroical Vir-
'tues, it were not in my Opinion unfit
'to betake ourselves under the Umbrage

'of his Service, where cherishing our valorous Magnanimity, we may produce the 'Demonstrations of dignify'd Princely Atchievements, whose effectual Apparitions 'in the Eyes of all Spectators may justly 'purchase us the Title of gallant Admiration.

Prince *Palmo* hearing *Thalmeno* utter this Resolution, very instantly returned him this Answer,

'Most affectionate Cousin, I agree to 'what you are pleased to determine; therefore let us set apart all Delays, and proffer our selves to the King's Service; this 'Day I understand he hunts in a Forest 'near adjoining the Court; where if you 'please, we may present him with a submissive Supplication, thereby to intrude 'ourselves within his Princely Service; 'but let our Names be obscured under the 'Cloud of Secrecy; so that *Thalmeno* may 'be termed *Thalmo*; and my name of *Palmo* 'changed to *Plivio*; justifying ourselves 'to be Knights of *Arabia*.

This pleasant Invention was well liked of by *Thalmeno*; so solacing their Fancy, they forthwith indicted this Supplication, which

which by a young Knight, they ſent to the King's Majeſty, the Tenour whereof follows.

To the moſt Puiſſant, Famous and Flouriſhing Prince Brilion, *King of* Zanfara.

Royal Sir,,

'YOur magnanimous Fame by the Herald of Report, has arriv'd to many Cavaliers underſtanding, in ſuch a Degree, that they not only admire at your Princely Valour, but likewiſe wonder at your virtuous Animoſity; ſo as their Thoughts burning with deſire to be made Poſſeſſors of your gracious Preſence, and their Reſolutions flaming with applauſe to be Spectators of your Heroical Actions, they have upon the Altar of Fame, long ſince devoted their Reſolutions to direct their Courſe to your Country; amongſt whom, we *Thalmo* and *Plivio*, two Knights of *Arabia*, our Capacities being penetrated with the Report of your Affability, have undertaken this Journey, to be made Spectators of your renown'd Perſonage; ſo that being arrived at your flouriſhing Palace, we moſt humbly beſeech you to accept us into your dignify'd Service, aſſu-

"ring you, that our Valour and Fidelity shall be such, as shall well testifie our Resolutions to take their Offspring from Magnanimity: so imploring your Majesty to admit us into your Royal Service, and to honour us with that Title to be invested your Servants, we in all Humility prostrating our Lives to your gracious Command, remain,

Your Majesty's most devoted Vassals,

Thalmo *and* Plivio.

This Supplication was no sooner presented to the King, but forthwith he commanded the two foreign Knights to be admitted to his presence, where saluting them in such a manner equivalent to his Royalty, he very courteously accepted of their voluntary Service: which famous Acceptance adding a plausible Hope to our Prince's Expectations, made them conjecture, they were now mounting the Steps of Honour: But to conclude, their valorous Actions, virtuous Demeanour, gallant Comportment, heroical Courteousness, and princely Gravity, did so conquer the Affections not only of the King, but of the Nobility and Gentry likewise; that in a Manner all the

Iſland

Island of *Cicilia* esteemed them worthy the Prize of *Olympian* Victory; which by often Demonstrations of their Gallantry, did so gain the King's Favour, that he preferr'd them both, and appointed *Thalmo* to attend on the Princess *Athelia* his Daughter; and establish'd *Plivio* to be Governour of *Ithaca* Castle, wherein the fair Princess *Mersilva*, Daughter unto *Samor*, King of *Bohemia*, was retain'd Prisoner; but leaving *Plivio* and the Princess *Mersilva* to Fortune's Protection, we will for a while discourse of *Thalmo* and the fair *Athelia*.

In a pleasant Morn, before the Pearled Dew was exhal'd by the shining Rays of Golden *Phœbus*, when the fragrant Flowers were displaying the pride of their beauty, and the melodious Birds on the swelling Bushes, straining forth their Melody, it chanc'd that *Thalmo*, being captivated with the Beauty of *Athelia*, his Princess, betook himself to the Fields, as well to refresh his tormented Mind, as to make the flow'ry Meadows acquainted with his amorous Fancies; when directing his pensive Course to the verdant Forests, he at last arriv'd to a spacious Beach-tree, whose Branches expelling the Darts of *Titan*, made a compleat shade for all tir'd Passengers to repose themselves; which

which pleasant Umbrage corresponding with *Thalmo*'s Passions, he cast himself down on a Bank of Flowers, and with an ardent Affection repeated these Verses.

WEre all conquering Beauty bow,
its pleasing Powers admire;
But I ne'er saw that Face till now
that like hers could inspire:
Now I may say I have met with one,
Amazes all Mankind;
And like Men gazing on the Sun,
with too much Light am blind.

Soft as the tender moving Sighs,
when longing Lovers meet;
Like the divining Prophet's Wife,
and like blown Roses sweet:
Majestick, gay, reserv'd, yet free,
each happy Night a Bride;
A Mien like awful Majesty,
and yet no Spark of Pride.

The Patriarch to gain a Wife,
chaste, beautiful and young,
Serv'd fourteen years a painful Life,
and never thought it long:
Ah! were she to reward such care,
and Life so long should stay,
Not Fourteen, but Four Hundred Years,
would seem but as one Day.

Ha-

Having thus vented his Paſſions, and made the Foreſts acquainted with the *Praludium* of his Malady, he forthwith, as being ſubmerg'd with the variety of amorous Contemplation, reſolv'd to return: but Fortune willing to ſmooth up his Fancies in an Extaſie of Contentation, ſo ordained, that her illuſtrious Highneſs the Princeſs *Athelia* with her Troop of Ladies, ſhould travel that Way: Glad at this heavenly Opportunity, bluſhing a little becauſe the Celeſtial Object created in him thoſe Raptures; but elevating his Reſolutions upon the Wing of Honour; and inveſting his Courage with the Conſideration of Magnanimity, he audaciouſly determined to preſent her with the Idea of his Affection; by virtue whereof, at laſt finding her ſequeſtred from her attendant Ladies, and reſident within a Myrtle Bower, in the midſt whereof ſhe gazed on a Silver Fountain, there convey'd by Dame *Nature*; he caſting aſide all Effeminateneſs, took this Opportunity of addreſſing himſelf to her; after thoſe Ceremonies due to her Royal Perſon were ended, he began as followeth.

"ROyal Madam, when by the Aid of "Fortune I espy'd so much Beauty, I "immediately felt my tender Breast to be "inspir'd with the endurance of a Lover's "Passion, and to such a Degree, that these "Eyes ever since conceiving their chiefest "Contentation at so divine an Object, hath "so firmly sworn my Fidelity to the Cele-"stial Service of your super-excellent Deity, "that I utterly abandon the Contemplation "of all others, and sincerely betake my in-"ward Devotions to the Shrine of your Per-"fections: At the Appearance of so much "brightness, my Senses were so much cap-"tivated, that, Madam, all I am now capa-"ble of is only to admire you; my Birth is "such, that if known to you, perhaps might "create in you a rendrance of Accomplish-"ment to my Breast's expectation; upon "which I will not now descant, because the "Motive thereof shall not move you to term "me by the Phrase of a pievish Insinuator: "but dear Madam, if my Sighs might dis-"close, my Tears explain, or my Passions "discover, with what a zealous Flame of "affectionate Love my Heart possesses in re-"semblance of your sacred Idea, I not only "think, but resolve that your gracious self

"would

'would at the first Report, not only recom-
'pence my Desert with the Reward of my
'Merits, but also repay my Fidelity with
'the remuneration of your Affection; where-
'of till the Gods shall by inspiration partly
'advertise you, I will till the Period of my
'limited Pilgrimage, remain as constant to
'the fair Princess *Athelia*, as I wish she
'should be affable to perplex'd

Thalmo.

The Princess over-veiling her Lilly-Cheeks, with a crimson Die, on a sudden as much blush'd as *Diana* when she espied unlook'd for *Acteon*; and so metamorphosing her pleasant Physiognomy to a melancholy Complexion (being altogether unacquainted with such amorous Encounters) bending her Brows, within the Furrows of whose Lineaments Anger sat triumphant, she very sharply return'd him this Answer.

'WHy *Thalmo*, said she, hath my too
'much Kindness made thee so Ar-
'rogant, or my undeserv'd Favour so Pre-
'sumptuous, that thou now giv'st wing to
'thy Tongue, to run absolutely so lavish?
'Hath my Affableness emboldned thee to
'aspire so high, as to declare thy Affection

'to

'to one ſo much thy Superiour? Hath Idle-
'neſs in my Service taught thee to adorn
'thy Tongue with Flattery? and is there
'no Object for thee to aim at, but me? Ah!
'fond *Thalmo*, and therefore fond, becauſe
'poſſeſt with a pieviſh Fancy: as thou de-
'rideſt my Beauty, I will laugh at thy Folly;
'and in accounting me Fair, I will eſteem
'thee Frivolous. For thy Birth, know, I
'diſdain it as nothing, and thyſelf as leſs:
'if thou haſt ſacrific'd Sighs or ſhed Tears
'for my Sake, why expect a Recompence
'where there is no Satisfaction to be made;
'and hereafter, be wiſer to engender a Con-
'ception of the like Simplicity. To be
'brief, refrain from proſecuting thy auda-
'cious Folly, or elſe I will uſe ſuch means
'that the King, my Father, ſhall qualifie
'your Courage, by nipping the Bloſſoms
'of your flouriſhing Eſtate.

This thundring Anſwer proceeding from a Princeſſes Mouth, might doubtleſs have made many freſh-water Soldiers retire for fear; but our valorous *Thalmo* diſdaining to quit the Siege for the firſt Repulſe; repairing his Senſe, and furniſhing his Muſe with a freſh Supply, very boldly continu'd his Combat as followeth.

'Madam,

'Madam, if your Royal Highneſs conje-
'ctures, that in diſcovering my Affections, I
'flatter your Merits with a ſhew of Deri-
'ſion, you greatly wrong my Honour, in re-
'ſpect my Inclination was never attractive
'to ſo baſe an Enormity; for what I proteſt
'in words, my effects ſhall manifeſt to be
'of Truth, againſt the proudeſt Champion
'which durſt undertake to maintain the
'contrary: therefore, Dear Madam, let
'not an unconſtant Thought ſo obſcure
'your Virgin's Breaſt, that for my faithful
'Affection you term me an ungrateful Ser-
'vant; for if the Flower of my Affections
'was predeſtinated for yourſelf alone, diſ-
'dain not him, Madam, who in Heart hath
'long ſince vow'd to adore you, and to whom
'he dedicates his whole Devotions; there-
'fore reward not that Paſſion with Scorns,
'whoſe Greatneſs you cannot doubt, but
'kindly receive from me ſo pure a Flame
'of Love, which is for ever conſtant.

'*Thalmo*, ſaid ſhe, if thy Affection were
'equal to the tenor of thy Speeches, me-
'thinks you ſhould at my Requeſt bury
'the Repetition thereof in the Grave of
'Silence, and not ſo audaciouſly be guil-
'ty of ſo great a Preſumption; if thy

'Phraſe

'Phraſe of Glozing was ſo unfeigned as
'thou demonſtrateſt, or thy lovely Paſſions
'perfect Meſſengers of a Sacred Conſtancy,
'yet my Reſolutions can never be diverted
'from reaping the Enjoyment of a ſingle
'Life, which I have already upon the Al-
'tar of *Veſta* impoſ'd; my Deſires rather
'honour the Image of chaſt *Diana*, than a-
'dore the Shrine of Laſcivious *Venus*; ra-
'ther inclining to the one's Principles, than
'eſteeming of the others Precepts: there-
'fore *Thalmo*, ſince my Mind cannot be ſub-
'ject to ſervile Love, let my Commands be
'a Mediatrix to cauſe thee to give a ſo-
'lemn Leave to thy pieviſh Enterprize.

Thalmo perceiving the Princeſs pretend-
ed to ſhroud herſelf under the Cloud of
a ſolitary Climate, and embrace the au-
ſtere Deity of a Saint-like Devotion, very
earneſtly, but with Submiſſion, addreſſed
himſelf to her.

'Ah! Madam, if my Words could de-
'cypher my Paſſion, or my Tongue expreſs
'my Affection, I ſhould then account my-
'ſelf moſt Happy, whereas now I eſteem
'myſelf of all Men moſt Unfortunate. Un-
'fortunate I may well ſay, in that the Idea

'of

of my Fidelity is obſcur'd in the Miſt of Incredulity; which if you would ſincerely weigh in the Ballance of Reaſon, I aſſure myſelf the Zeal of my virtuous Conſtancy would remove the Refidence of your Miſtruſt, and as abſolutely inform you, that my amorous Flame, which none but ſo charming a Goddeſs as yourſelf can extinguiſh, ſprings from true Fidelity: That harſh Note of your living a Recluſe Life, I beſeech you, Madam, to recall; for the poſſeſſing of your Preſence, and the obtaining of your Commands, would yield me the Satisfaction of my trembling Deſire; ſo that, Madam, if you pleaſe to confer that Honour on me, of being your dignify'd Servant, it ſhall ſuffice; and upon that pleaſant Foundation will I erect Trophies of delightful Hope; and till my Merits ſhall acquire more favour of your Princely Goodneſs, I am reſolv'd immortally to live and die in your Service, and to attend on your ſacred Perſon with ſuch firm Fidelity, virtuous Affection and ſubmiſſive Loyalty, that your fair ſelf, and the King your Royal Father, ſhall one Day bleſs the Hour of my Arrival, and have juſt Cauſe to acknowledge that the Sympathy of our Affections was

pre-

" predeſtinated to be united by the Conde-
" ſcention of Celeſtial Deity.

The Princeſs *Athelia* well noting with what fervency he vented his Paſſions, began immediately to produce ſome Motions of Compaſſion; yet in reſpect he ſhould not conceive any Spark of Hope, where there was no Performance meant to be effected, bitterly return'd him this ſharp Reply.

" *Thalmo*, If thou leav'ſt not this idle Diſ-
" courſe, I will leave thy Preſence; for thy
" obſtinate Opinion will conſtrain me to fly
" thy Sight, and hereafter to loath thy Com-
" pany: It is now time to put a Period to
" thy Conference, becauſe the tediouſneſs
" of it tires my Senſes in underſtanding it.
" What I have ſaid, I mean to perform, that
" is, to live ſolitarily, and leave you to your
" Paſſionate Folly; and whereas you deſire
" to remain my Servant, I thereunto conde-
" ſcend, provided your Deſires aſpire not to
" my Prejudice. Let your future Attempts
" be ſeaſon'd with diſcretion, leſt Folly over-
" coming your Reaſon, your Downfal may
" prove the more dangerous. Conſider with
" yourſelf, what the King my Father will
" ſay, when he hears of your Preſumption;

" think

'think not that he will approve of your 'proceedings, but rather curse the very in-'ſtant of your Arrival, and reward there-'with the height of his Diſpleaſure. There-'fore *Thalmo*, take my Advice, repent of 'your Preſumption, recall your Follies, and 'be penitent for your Offences; in ſo do-'ing, I will perſuade myſelf to pardon this 'Crime, and exempt the Memory of it out 'of my remembrance.

Thalmo perceiving the Princeſs had finiſhed her cruel Oration, immediately ſaid to her.

'Ah Madam! Is it poſſible that ſo much 'Beauty and Cruelty can dwell together? 'And is it poſſible, that each being others 'Enemy, they ſhould both ſeek my ruin; 'and ſo in a ſeditious Sympathy triumph 'o'er my Martyrdom? Ah, Madam! make 'not my Fall your Felicity, nor my Ruin 'your Rejoycing; but vouchſafe an eye of 'pity to behold my Conſtancy, the ferven-'cy of my Fidelity, and the reſpect of my 'Affections! Conſider, Madam, the purity 'of my Pretence, and the deſire of my Ex-'pectation, and think, that if *Thalmo* live, 'he muſt love the fair *Arbelia*, and though 'ſhe hate, yet *Thalmo* muſt needs love:

What

'What was predeſtinated for me, I muſt needs endure, yet in ſuffering her Repulſe, I in Humility die, to ſee my Fortunes check'd with *Athelia*'s Frown. Dear Madam, diſtill into your Heart the motion of Pity, and amidſt the Showers of your Anger, let the reſplendent Sun of Favour evaporate your Wrath, let the Dew of Patience ſo molliſie your Cruelty, that I may at laſt reap that Happineſs I have ſo long deſired.

'*Thalmo*, ſaid ſhe, I now ſee thou art a Servant to Folly, and canſt not be exempted till thy time of Innocency is expired. I perceive 'tis in vain to diſſuade where ſenſeleſs Abſurdity doth command; and it will be ineffectual, where I ſee Exhortations are held as Toys, and Requeſts obey'd as Trifles. I am ſorry that I have remained with you ſo long, in reſpect thou art blinded with a frivolous Humour; which I ſee ſprings rather from a fond Underſtanding, than any way from a tormented Spirit; but however, it nothing avails the Advancement of thy Demand, becauſe unlawful, and and therefore to be rejected.

'Dear

'Dear Madam, reply'd *Thalmo*, if ever 'the Sighs, Tears, Love, Fidelity or Affe-'ction of a tormented Lover, may gain 'Acceptance in the Contemplation of his 'Saint; I beſeech you to grant me the Ac-'compliſhment of my virtuous Deſire, that 'I may once in all Chaſtity of Marriage 'enjoy your ſacred Perſon, which above 'all the World I chiefly adore!

The Princeſs told him his Talk diſturb'd her Thoughts, and his Speeches her Senſes; and ſo in a diſdainful manner ſhe flew from him: when directing her pace to the Court, we will for a while there leave her, and a little Diſcourſe of *Thalmo*'s Paſſions: who ſeeing the Princeſs ſo ſuddenly departed, thereat immediately ſtorm'd, changing his pleaſant Countenance to a pale Complexion; and repenting the time that ever the Queen his Mother produced him into this miſerable World, continually crying out upon cruel Deſtiny, and very often ſighing, as though his Breaſt were overwhelm'd with inſupportable Calamities; ſometimes falling from Sighs to Tears, and then from Tears to Sighs again: Sometimes repeating the Name of *Aſtelia*, and then cloſing up his Eyes, as tho' the Oracle of that Celeſtial

ſtial Word had raviſh'd his Senſes with too many divine Cogitations: At laſt he very penſively withdrew himſelf to his Cloſet, where to eaſe his tormented Mind, he reſolv'd to write, and ſend her theſe Lines.

I Never ſaw that Face till now,
that could my Fancy move:
I lik'd and ventur'd many a Vow
but durſt not think of Love:
Till Beauty charming every Senſe,
an eaſie Conqueſt made,
And ſhew'd the vainneſs of Defence,
when Athelia *doth invade.*
But oh! her colder Heart denies
the Thoughts her looks inſpire;
And while in Ice that frozen lies,
her Eyes dart only Fire.
Between Extreams I am undone,
like Plants to Northward ſet;
Burnt by too violent a Sun,
or ſtarv'd for want of Heat.

Which being ended, ſeal'd up and directed, he haſted to a Lady of the Princeſs *Athelia's*, whoſe Phyſiognomy promis'd the Accompliſhment of a faithful Performance, and embolden'd him to requeſt her to deliver it to the Princeſs, to which ſhe voluntarily

tarily condeſcended; and ſo finding her very ſolitary in her Chamber, ſhe with an humble reverence effected her Promiſe. The Princeſs at firſt was unwilling to receive it, as not knowing from whence it came; but unripping the Seal, ſhe found who it was ſent it, and with a Crimſon bluſh commanded *Levina* her Woman to depart; when Locking her Door, ſhe caſt herſelf on her dainty Bed, and read the Contents before repeated, many times ſhe perus'd it, and often kiſt it, and at laſt utter'd to herſelf theſe Paſſions.

'Moſt unfortunate *Athelia*! if thy Tears 'might aſſwage thy Pains, or thy Sighs thy 'Miſeries; thou might'ſt then envy thy 'Tortures, and with Patience bear the in-'ſupportable burthen of thy Calamities: 'But alas! As the firſt cannot perform the 'one, nor the ſecond effect the other; thou 'mayſt eſteem thy Eſtate the more unfor-'tunate, and curſe the Hour wherein thou 'didſt firſt eſpy that charming Face of vir-'tuous *Thalmo*; *Thalmo*, I ſay, whoſe valo-'rous Actions, heroical Diſpoſition, and 'comely Deportment hath ſo conquer'd 'thy Princely Breaſt, that thou with the 'pale-fac'd Moon, in Clouds of Obſcurity, 'doſt take thy pleaſant Light of Hope 'from the reſplendant Sun, which is only

Thalmo; remember with what fervency of affectionate Fidelity he pleaded to thee for a kind Acceptance; and call to mind the pearled Tears, doleful Sighs, and passionate Agonies, which as Messengers of faithful Constancy, he sent to witness before thine Eyes the Miseries he endur'd, and bury not in Oblivion his wan Complexion, hollow Aspects and repining Despair; which as Sollicitors, might have caus'd the most obdurate Heart to relent, and have produc'd a motion of Pity. But wretched *Athelia*! Forget not the proud Repulses, sharp Answers, bitter Threats and obstinate Denials thou gavest his Enterprize; which when I consider, I burst with Anger, and condemn myself of imprudent Ingratitude, in rewarding his primitive Presence with Inhumanity, and crossing the Proceedings of his Hopes with unmerited Inaffability. Indeed, I must confess, relinquishing obstinate Coyness, my Passion was then magnanimous for *Thalmo*, altho Modesty would not permit me to discover it; and now I do adore him, as the sacred Image to whom I pay all my Devotions. *Thalmo*, and none but him, shall live in my remembrance, nor none but him alone can boast of such a

Con-

'Conqueſt; though Pride at firſt ſeem'd
'to reign in my Breaſt, when I refus'd his
'Precepts, I will now be as affable in ac-
'cepting his Affection, tho' then pertina-
'cious in denying his Requeſts, yet now as
'willing to agree to his Petitions, and tho'
'then Refractory in not being Attentive to
'his Deſires, yet now as tractable to hearken
'to his Demands; but whither, *Athelia*,
'doſt thou wander? What Lunatick Folly
'doth poſſeſs thy Senſes? Or whither runs
'thy Wits a wandring without their Guide,
'Diſcretion? Hath an amorous Paſſion ſo
'ſoon tranſported thy Mind with Fancies,
'or lovely Toys ſo inſtantly obſcured thy
'Reaſon with Abſurdity, that without re-
'gard to Modeſty, thou proclaim'ſt thy
'Simplicity, which ſhould the World
'know it, thou wouldſt be condemned of
'peeviſh Levity? Is ſhe which was ſo long
'Courted, now become an Oratory Suitor?
'And muſt ſhe plead to him for Love, who
'petition'd her for Affection? Ah *Athelia!*
'but ſuch is thy Fate, and therefore contra-
'dict not that which the Gods have alrea-
'dy decreed: ſatisfie thyſelf with what is
'contingent to thee; and hereafter ſeek by
'ſome favourable Means to correſpond
'with thy deſir'd *Thalmo*, to the end that

'his Presence may expel those Mists of Sor-
'row, which doth so intoxicate thy Senses,
'and extinguish the Birth of ardent *Flames*,
'which begin to scorch the Substance.

Levina her Woman suddenly rush'd in, as being sent from the Queen her Mother, wondring she should be so long Absent; *Athelia* perceiving the Time had deceiv'd her, instantly rose up, and clearing up her Countenance the best she could, fail'd not according to her Duty, with all celerity to hasten to the Queen, where contrary to her Expectation, she receiv'd this Check.

'*Athelia* hath too much Freedom made
'you forget your self? or is it some ex-
'traordinary Affair which hath retained
'you so long from my Presence? was you
'with your Tut'ress Lady *Flerina*, or from
'whence came you?

'Madam, May it please your Majesty,
'(*reply'd the Princess*) I have long since
'been invited to see the Lady *Fulvia*'s
'Chamber, and this Morning unexpected,
'she came for me, your Majesty being in
'your Closet, I was loath to disturb you,
'and so I departed without taking my
'Leave, my Lady *Flerina* was then at her
'Devotions, and so only *Iffida* my Maid
'attended me.

This

This Reply ſoon ſatisfied the Queen; ſo leaving *Athelia* in her Preſence, we will return to tormented *Thalmo*, who being as it were plung'd in *Athelia*'s Beauty, and almoſt drown'd in her Affection, as alſo hearing no Anſwer from *Lavina*, ſtorm'd in ſuch a manner, that his Familiars, who not being acquainted with his Paſſions, thought he would run Lunatick, and dance with the Skies, or elſe ſtark Mad with the Man in the Moon, to caper about the Clouds; for ſuch Rage poſſeſs'd his Senſes, and ſuch Anger over-pow'r'd his Reaſon, that he was even bereav'd of his Underſtanding; all Company he abandoned, and deteſted the Light, as *Jupiter* when he deſcended in a Cloud to dazzle *Vulcan*, thereby to enjoy *Juno*: His Speeches were far-fetch'd Sighs, unleſs now and then he would breath forth the Name of *Athelia*; his Laughter was metamorphos'd to Tears, and no Motion could enter his Imagination, but the reſemblances of *Athelia*; his Chamber ſeem'd tireſome, and his Bed uneaſy; his Torments might be compar'd to the Tortures of *Ixion*, only in this excepted, that he had a fairer Deity in *Athelia*, than *Ixion* had in *Proſerpina*; when he waked, the Image of *Athelia* ſtood before him, whoſe Figure he adored,

as the only ſolace of his Hearts Contentment; being in his Study, penſively Paſſionate, he would ſuddenly ariſe, and ask, Who was there? As if *Athelia* had been always knocking at the Door; From thence in an affectatious humour, he would forthwith direct his Courſe towards the Fields, and there moſt ſorrowfully to the ſenſleſs Trees, decypher forth the manner of her Cruelty; then begging pardon for ſo great a Crime, he immediately fell to Singing in Praiſe of her; and from thence in a wavering Condition, would enter into another Humour of recording his Paſſions: Amongſt the reſt, as I very well remember he once rang'd into a very pleaſant Foreſt, and ſo from thence to Mountains next adjoining, and again to Vallies, as his Weakneſs lead him, when being overwhelm'd with innumerable amorous Fancies, on the Graſs taking out his Pen and Paper, writ theſe Lines.

BRight Athelia *is the Saint*
whom in Devotion I implore;
But ſhe is deaf to my Complaint,
her Silence tells I muſt give o'er;
Is it my Zeal's not fervent thought?
or what I ask'd, Offence has given?
No Word, but Sigh or Tear with't brought
ſuch Rhetorick as prevails with Heaven.

The latter then muſt be the cauſe,
yet how could that her Anger move?
So harmleſs my Petition was,
I only aſk'd of her her Love;
And now the fatal Reaſon's found,
the greater Pain I muſt endure:
Such Folly 'tis to ſearch the Wound
that does admit no hopes of Cure.

With Grief and Anguiſh I'm perplex'd,
ſo ſad my Caſe on either ſide,
I had not liv'd had I not aſk'd,
'tis worſe than Death, now I'm deny'd
Tell me of neither Racks nor Wheels,
tho' ſharp they bring no laſting Pain;
Nor torments like to that he feels
who loves, and is not lov'd again.

Which having ended, forgetting both pen and Paper, he reſolv'd to range further into the unknown Foreſts: but as flying time gives a Period to all Earthly Accidents, ſo in roving from Place to Place, he at laſt arriv'd to a fair Cyprus-Tree; where reſolving to Sleep, he was no ſooner down, but he aroſe again inſtantly determining to depart, but deſirous of writing a few more Lines, he buſily ſearch'd for his Pen and Paper; but not finding it, drew out his

Sword, and with the Point of it, upon the Bark of a Tree, carv'd theſe Lines.

O ſoft Deſires, Love's gentle Progeny,
and on the Heart of fair Athelia *ſeize:*
Then quickly back return again to me,
ſince that's the Cure of my Diſeaſe;
But if you miſs her Breaſt whom I adore,
then take your flight and viſit me no more.

Which having ended, he very oft kiſs'd it, as if there remain'd ſome figur'd reſemblance of *Athelia*'s Perfections: ſo leaving the Field, he return'd to his melancholly habitation, where we will leave him to the fancy of his Affections, and a little Diſcourſe of almoſt forgotten *Palmo*.

Palma being appointed by King *Brilion* to be the Governor of *Ithaca* Caſtle, wherein the beautiful *Merſilva* was kept Priſoner; having his heart inſpir'd with Compaſſion, grievouſly troubled to ſee *Porus* his Governour ſo rigorouſly uſe her: For, whereas the King did allow her a decent Chamber, pleaſant Walks, a Table anſwerable to her Perſon, and a Damſel to attend her; he on the contrary abridg'd her of thoſe Priviledges, placing her in an obſcure Dungeon; where the Thought of ſo deteſtable a Damp, might have

have hurried *Alexander* himself, into a Labyrinth of Despair: For instead of pleasant Walks, she had only the Liberty of her close Prison; her Diet was very homely, and scarce enough to assist Nature; and instead of a Damsel to attend her, was basely serv'd by an ugly Ruffian, in the Furrows of whose angry Brows, envious wrath sat Triumphant; having from his Governor a strict Order, to hinder all those, who in her Distress should give her Relief.

Mersilva perceiving her hard Usage, exclaim'd on Fortune, deploring that ever she had attain'd to so dismal an Aspect: Weep she might, for there was no Spectators of her Lamentation; and well might she lament and cast forth Sighs, for there was none to comfort her in the depth of her Miseries: for if at any time she bemoaned herself to her rigorous Keeper, with forcible Arguments to induce him to Pity, she was immediately check'd with a Catalogue of Reproaches; alledging, that her Entertainment exceeded her Merits: which as a second Wound, did so transport her Reason to compleat Anguish, that with wringing Hands and throbbing Sighs, she to herself breath'd out these Words.

'PErplex'd *Merſilva!* Thou haſt juſt occaſion to acknowledge, how inconſtant Fortune, doth at her Pleaſure conduct Princes to the top of Proſperity; and immediately turning the needle of her compaſs to another Point, doth violently rend the bark of their Priſtine Eſtate, againſt the dangerous Rocks of future Perdition; where ſuffering Shipwrack, the Memory of their Happineſs is preſently overwhelm'd in the unmerciful Entrails of tyrannizing Deſtiny. Unfortunate *Merſilva!* in that Camelion Tragedy, thou art a principal Actreſs; for the ſubject of thy Miſery, hath as a Prologue mounted thee on the Theatre of Deſtruction; moſt wretched *Merſilva!* when the Memory of thy Birth pierceth through the Thoughts of Conſideration; and comparing paſt Honours, to preſent Calamities, what Terror of Aggravation it doth apply to thy Hope, thou may'ſt well conjecture; whereas others can ſcarcely pre-ſuppoſe.

'Ah, deſolate *Merſilva!* how are thy Delights now tranſmuted to Melancholy Contemplations? thy Pleaſantneſs revers'd to Mourning, and all thy former Pleaſures metamorphos'd to Solitarineſs?

'moſt

'moſt certain it is, that Glory fades, as well
'as flouriſhes; Beauty dies, as well as in-
'ſults; and Honour withers, as the Flowers
'of the Field, which no ſooner ſpring forth
'with *Titan*, but die with *Cynthia*. What
'then is the World but a Labyrinth of Per-
'plexities? What then is Dignity but the
'Seat of Ambition? And what is Glory, but
'the Throne of Grandure? *Merſilva!* ſuch
'is the viciſſitude of this terreſtrial Dia-
'dem, that being produc'd in Sin, we pro-
'ſecute in Folly; and never forbear to de-
'teſt Virtue, before we are ingulfed in the
'Stream of Vice: Therefore account thy
'Miſeries as a Recompence predeſtinated
'for thy Fortune; thy Torments, as a Re-
'ward for thy Sin; and laſtly, term thy
'Calamities, as a meritorious Affliction,
'projected for thy ill Conduct.

Which doleful Words ſhe uttered with ſuch zealous Fervency, that the Report thereof, would have cauſed Diſdain herſelf, to have pitied her; for ſome times ſhe walk'd in her miſerable Cottage, and then inſtantly threw herſelf on her Bed of Care, where drawing her Curtains cloſe about her, one might judge it to be a Sepulchre, and herſelf a Corps therein inter'd: When again,

again, reviving her Spirits, and remembring her Misery, she would sorrowfully Smile, and instantly Rebuke herself, for committing such an Offence. Her Handkerchief she often wash'd with Tears, which trickled down her sorrowful Cheeks, and then immediately dried them, with fanning Wind on her Face, to enliven her Spirits: In which sorrowful manner she past the Day, without being Comforted by the assistance of any; until at last the sound of her Complaint reach'd the Ears of Prince *Plivio*, which infus'd in him so much Relentation, that knowing her to be a Princess, Royally descended, and Innocently committed, without being Guilty of any Crime, against the Crown or Kingdom of *Zanfara*; he being vanquish'd with Compassion, cry'd out.

'CRuel *Plivio!* can Humanity suffer so 'Beautiful a Princess as *Mersilva* to 'endure Imprisonment, and thou enjoy thy 'Liberty? or can the Dignity of that Di'vine Sex, obtain no more Favour at thy 'Hands, where thou canst afford Relief? 'Are thy Senses so clouded with Obscurity, 'thy Eyes so darkned with Impiety, or 'thine Heart so loaded with Cruelty, that

'her

'her Tears cannot Solicite to thee for her 'Freedom; or her Complaints as Advo-'cates of her Innocency, perfectly plead 'to thee for her ſpeedy Enlargement? 'How will the World blame thee of In-'gratitude, thy Conſcience accuſe thee of 'Rigour, and thy Thoughts condemn thee of 'Tyranny, when the odiouſneſs of thy 'Fact, ſhall arrive to the Judgment-Seat 'of Reaſon; where thy Faults being de-'ſcribed, and thy Folly diſcloſed? What 'Shadow of Argument canſt thou alledge 'for thy Excuſe? or what Mask of Senſi-'bility canſt thou produce to o'erveil thy 'Inhumanity? Conſider with thyſelf from 'whence thou art extracted; if from the 'Loins of a Woman, how comes it to 'paſs, thou differeſt from ſo temperate a 'Nature. *Plivio!* recal thy Senſes to the 'Throne of Pity, and drown the rigorouſ-'neſs of thy Mind in the Gulf of Obli-'vion: Let Lenity be in thy Thoughts, and 'Remorſe in thy Cogitations; and un-'grateful *Plivio*, reſolve, that to relieve 'the Diſtreſſed is an Operation of Charity, 'and to aſſiſt an afflicted Lady, is worthy 'Commendation. What though thy Go-'vernour is inhumane, muſt thou of Con-'ſequence deteſt her? No, *Plivio*, let not

thy

'thy Cruelty obſcure thy Liberality, nor 'perverſe Impiety overwhelm thy Affabi-'lity, but rather let thy Actions ſavour of 'Friendſhip, and let thy Reſolutions be 'qualify'd with Generoſity; and in ſo do-'ing, the Gods will eſteem it an Act of 'Juſtice, and all Mankind a glorious Com-'paſſion to ſo much Virtue.

Upon the Ground of which Reſolution, inciting his Breaſt with the animoſity of Honour, he reſolv'd to viſit the Princeſs *Merſelva*. Whereupon, he immediately directed his Courſe to the Place where ſhe ſorrowfully lay impriſon'd: where he was no ſooner entred, but he beheld her ſitting on her Bed of Miſery, having her Face o'er-veild with a ſable Scarf, as if ſhe partly deteſted to ſee the appearance of delightful *Phebus*; when not ſecurely ſleeping, but rather dolefully ſlumbering, being by his Preſence diſturb'd from her penſive Contemplations, ſhe forthwith raiſed herſelf from her Seat of Sorrow, and putting aſide her Scarf, diſcover'd a perfect Copy of tranſcendent Beauty, from whence her radiant Eyes diſplay'd their ſplendant Influence as fixed Stars, divinely ſeated in the Celeſtial Element, approaching to her with an humble Reverence, he moſt courteouſly addreſs'd himſelf in theſe words. 'Madam,

'Madam, I am at laſt arriv'd to your 'fair Preſence, to crave Pardon for my neg-'lect of Duty in deferring ſo long that 'Conſolation I might have adminiſtred to 'you, ſince in this Caſtle I can claim ſome 'Priviledge; but Dear Madam, impute it 'not wholly to my want of Care, for my 'Governour's Command was the main Ob-'ſtacle that kept me from proſecuting my 'Intentions; which now being removed by 'his departure to the Court, Fortune has 'opportunely given me this Happineſs of 'waiting on you, and of offering you all 'the Civilities which this Caſtle, or my 'Intereſt can afford you; therefore Madam, 'if you pleaſe to recreate yourſelf in the 'Gardens and Walks adjoining, I will at-'tend you, and ſecure your ſacred Perſon 'from all Harms and Violence.

The Princeſs *Merſilva* wondering at this unexpected Kindneſs, dying her Chryſtal Cheeks with a Vermillion Bluſh, very courteouſly return'd him this Anſwer.

'Sir, my vanquiſh'd Hope, which hath 'been tranſported to the very brink of 'Deſpair, being now by your extraordinary 'Favours inſpir'd with Conſolation, doth for 'this your kind Relief, render you Millions 'of Thanks for this unmerited Succour,

'and

'and ſince you are pleaſed to afford me that 'Happineſs, I ſhould be very unworthy to 'you, and much wanting to myſelf, if I did 'not accept of ſo great a Freedom, as to 'enjoy the Air of the fragrant Fields.

Plivio perceiving her Inclination to walk and take the Air, very courteouſly took her by the Hand, and conducted her by a Poſtern Gate, through the Caſtle, to the Walks, and from thence to the pleaſant Arbours; where *Merſilva* delighting to range from Bank to Bank, and from Fountain to Bower, leaving in a manner no Place therein unproſpected, ſhe at laſt arrived to a very ſumptuous Fountain; whoſe Walls being of glittering Alabaſter, and ſhining Marble, gave ſuch a Grace to *Merſilva*'s Eyes, that her Spirits at ſo pleaſant a Proſpect did then receive the long-look'd-for Motion of delightful Contentment; At laſt hearing the Deſcent of ſome iſſuing Stream, which made a Muſical Harmony in falling to the Concavity of the Earth, ſhe began to trace round the Circumference of the Fountain, where ſhe eſpied on the Eaſt-ſide of it, two ſtately Pillars of Dove white Ivory, being very curiouſly Carved and Adorned with ſpacious Guards of refin'd Azure, wherein

were

were enamell'd lovely Roſes, and ſplendent Stars of artificial Ingenuity; on the tops of the Pillars ſtood two Female Images, moſt induſtriouſly Painted, well reſembling the Graces, each holding in their Hands a little Vane, where on one Side was Painted *Minerva*, and on the other *Diana*, and joining their other Hands; which they elevated over their Heads, did ſupport the third *Grace*, being crowned with an *Olympian* Garland, holding in both her Hands a Table of Celeſtial Hue, ſeated in a Frame of illuſtrious Argent, from out whoſe ſix globy Paps, reſembling for whiteneſs the Snow which doth embrace the *Pyrenæan* Mountains, ruſh'd forth Chryſtal Spouts of ſilver Water; whereat ſhe being for a while delighted, at laſt perceiv'd betwixt the two Pillars a Geometrical Door, where entring, ſhe beheld a ſmall Mountain in form of a Pyramid, which reach'd to the top of the Fountain, from whence Nature yielded forth many a Vein of weeping Water, which by degrees diſtilling down the Rock, was thorough ſilver Pipes by Art moſt curiouſly conveyed to the *Graces* Paps: which *Merſilva* ſeeing, [illegible] the Door, and reſolv'd to depart; bu[illegible] Chance, reflecting her Sight, as unwi[illegible]

to

ſo ſoon to take her Farewel, glancing her Eyes at random upon the Perfection of the upper *Grace*, ſhe, either deluded with a Shadow, or poſſeſs'd with a Fancy, immediately conjur'd, that ſhe ſaw her artificial Eyes naturally reflect in the Model of their Influence, and ſo being in Imagination induc'd that it was ſo, or elſe thinking that at the Requeſt of ſome ſecond *Pygmalion*, the Goddeſs *Venus* had with Life likewiſe inſpired her; ſhe thought with herſelf, that the ſaid *Grace*, by ſome means or other had interiorly ſome lively feeling of natural Senſe, and applying it as the alluſion of her Fancy drave her, conjectur'd, that ſhe invited her more near to approach: in reſpect whereof, mounting a Step which ſtood very cloſe before the *Graces*, ſhe thought with them, but eſpecially the uppermoſt, to have ſome private Conference; where being elevated, ſhe preſently forgat herſelf, as if ſome ſacred Deity had ſo before predeſtinated it, and after was inſtantly put in Mind of her doleful Calamities; whereat much lamenting, ſhe bluſh'd, in that ſhe had committed ſo ſtupid an Abſurdity: when looking about her, and not ſeeing *Plivio* there, eſpying a blue Table, ſhe lean'd upon it, and charmingly ſung theſe Lines:

The

THe Glories of our Birth and State,
are ſhadows not ſubſtantial things,
There is no Armour againſt Fate,
Death lays his Icy hands on Kings;
Scepters and Crowns
Muſt tumble down,
And in the Duſt be equal laid,
With the poor crooked Scythe and Spade.

Some Men with Swords may reap the Fiel',
and plant freſh Lawrels where they kill;
But their ſtrong Nerves at laſt muſt yield,
they tame but one another ſtill:
Early or late
They ſtoop to Fate,
And muſt give up their murmuring Breath,
When the pale Captive creeps to Death.

The Garland withers on your Brow,
then boaſt no more your mighty Deeds;
For upon Death's purple Altar now,
ſee where the Victor Victim bleeds:
All Heads muſt come
To the cold Tomb;
Only the Actions of the Juſt,
Smell ſweet and bloſſom in their Duſt.

Whil'ſt the Princeſs *Merſilva* was viewing this ſumptuous Garden, Prince *Flivio* com-

commanded a very gallant Banquet to be there prepared, the which moſt kindly in an *Eglantine* Bower he preſented her; and to make her Entertainment pleaſant, order'd a a Conſort of Lutes, and three Eunuchs to warble forth a melodious Harmony. In this manner for a while they deluded the Time; Prince *Plivio* all this while never fail'd to glance his Eye on the ſweet Object of *Merſilva*'s Beauty; which *Cupid* eſpying, immediately bent his Bow, and let fly an Arrow headed with Deſire, and feathered with Affection; which ſo forcibly hit *Plivio* to the Heart, that he immediately fainted at the Stroke, ſo that now he acknowledg'd no Goddeſs but *Cytherea*; no Saint but *Venus*, nor no Lord but *Love*: ſo that his Breaſt being penetrated with the influence of Amorouſneſs after having re-conducted the Princeſs *Merſilva* to the Caſtle, he haſted to his own Apartment, and there poured forth theſe Contemplations.

'What, *Plivio*! art thou in a Moment 'vanquiſh'd in the Field of Beauty! or hath '*Cupid* ſuch influence at the firſt approach, 'to penetrate thy Breaſt with Affection? 'Can thy Reſolutions which were devo-'ted to *Bellona*, now ſtoop to *Venus*, and 'ſo make Garlands in her praiſe, whereas 'before

'before thou diſdain'd her Society? Wilt thou not fondly bathe thy Senſes in amorous Cogitations, and though to thy prejudice devote thy ſelf a Sacrifice to Loves Altar? Beware, *Plivio*, the *Syrenes* have ſweet Voices, yet are deceitful, the *Panthers* fair Skins, yet infectious, and the *Amazons* beautiful Faces, yet meer Diſſemblers: though *Helen* was fair, ſhe was petulant; *Thais* was lovely, yet leud; and *Semiramis*, tho' curious, was a Courteſan: But alas, *Plivio!* one Example makes not a Maxim; nor doth forepaſt Crimes include general Actions: for ſpeak without partiality, and thy Conſcience will plead, that as there hath been a wanton *Helen*, ſo there was a wiſe *Calliope*; a leud *Thais*, ſo a chaſt *Lucretia*; a vicious *Semiramis*, yet a virtuous *Suſanna*; therefore *Plivio*, retire not with Puſillanimity, but advance with Fortitude; for as the Poet ſings, *A faint Heart never pluck'd Fruit from the Tree of Love.* Conſider with thy ſelf what *Merſilva* is; in the Mirrour of Verity, by deſcent a Princeſs, of Qualities a Queen, of Beauty an Angel, and of Perfection the only *Phœnix* of her Sex. Who then but would eſteem ſuch a Virgin? Who then but would love ſuch a matchleſs Patagon?

'Nay,

'Nay, who but would ſacrifice his Life in behalf of ſo ſweet a Saint?

Thus embathing his Mind in Amorous Contemplation, and ſolacing his Senſes in *Merſilva*'s Beauty, he remained ſo reſtleſs, that no Object could pleaſe him, but the *Idea* of the fair *Merſilva*; no thought content him, unleſs ſprung from her Majeſtical Virtue, nor no Imagination delight him, unleſs derived from her rare Perfections: ſo as burning with Deſire to diſplay his Pretence, he at laſt with a trembling Reſolution, wrote theſe Lines; which by a truſty Meſſenger he ſent to fair *Merſilva*.

Plivio to *Merſilva*.

MAdam, I have diſcover'd ſo great a Paſſion in my Breaſt, which none but your gracious ſelf is able to appeaſe; for having fix'd my Eyes upon ſo much Beauty, I am bent to direct my Devotions on the Altar of your flouriſhing Excellencies, ſince I repoſe the firſt Fruits of my amorous Inclinations, in contemplating on the Idea of your divine Perfections, and derive my chiefeſt ſolace from your Angelical Perſonage; I hope a favourable Anſwer will be the Reward of my conſtant Fidelity. But Madam,

my

my Reprieve is but ſhort; for if you now reject the faithfulleſt Heart that ever Love did yet inſpire, I ſhall receive it as your Commands, to decline adoring you, which ſince I cannot whilſt I live, I am reſolved by Death, to obey you, which I ſhall embrace with Joy, if it can produce any, in the fair *Merſilva.*

Till Daath, your conſtant Plivio.

Merſilva receiving the Letter, and gueſſing from whom it came, without any diſdain, open'd it, and reading it with a bluſhing Countenance, becauſe Love was the great Theme; having read it, ſhe fetch'd a great Sigh, and inſtantly found her Senſes ſurrounded with many agreeable Notions of *Plivio*'s Perfections; every Line ſeeming to make a ſmooth Path-way for *Cupid*'s Entrance; but at laſt curbing her *Paphian* Sparks with a modeſt Countenance, and conſidering the Favour he had before ſhewn her, ſhe reſolved to return him this Anſwer.

Merſilva to *Plivio.*

I Received yours, without much difficulty, thinking only to hear of your welfare; but contrary to my Expectation found it full of amorous Fancy; whereof

I repented me of my Immodesty, and blam'd my Hand for having intermeddled with so prejudicial an Affair: but weighing the former Favour's receiv'd from you, I thought it agreeable to return you an Answer; the Purport whereof is to request you to give a solemn Adieu to your commenc'd Enterprize; for the thought of Affection cannot harbour in my Breast: Forbear therefore the creating of yourself any Trouble of writing to me in that Dialect; for they are Motives which molest my Imaginations; and cease your Sollicitations to her, which till Death intends not to be won by any: Not omitting Thanks for your former Favours, I remain

Your Friend, Merfilva.

Having finish'd it, she was doubting whether she should send it, fearing lest it might redound to the prejudice of her Fame; but at last sounding the Depth of her Affection, by the Mutability of her Fancies, and the Foundation of her Love, and the Allurement of her Liking; and finding herself to be inspir'd with the Flames of *Cytherea*, she in-instantly resolv'd to prosecute her purpose: by virtue of which Resolution, she forthwith deliver'd it to a Messenger to convey it to *Plivio*; who using his diligence, in a short time

time arrived at the Pelace, where Prince *Plivio* was as then reſident; and being brought to his Preſence, he accompliſh'd the Princeſſes Commands.

The Prince not knowing from whence it came, very buſily open'd it, and without further prolixity of Introduction, directed his Eyes to the bottom, and found the glorious Name of *Merſilva*: Whether his thoughts were then obſcured by divine Inſpiration, or his Breaſt repleniſh'd with many raviſhing Contemplations, I refer the Cenſure thereof, to thoſe which have likewiſe enjoyed an Eſſence of the like ſacred Tenuity: But one may credulouſly Conjecture, that the ſight of this Celeſtial Preſent did not only ſolace our deſpairing *Plivio*, but likewiſe infuſed a ſudden Encouragement to his afflicted Malady; embracing the Letter in his Hand, he very often kiſt the Oracle of *Merſilva*'s Name, and with many pearled Tears, ſeconded with affectionate Sighs, inſtantly paid thereof the faithful welcome: but at laſt, calling his Thoughts to a Retreat, and ſounding his Diſcretion, to refreſh his Senſes, he with Conſideration read it diſtinctly over, and finding it not agreeable to his Inclination, he inſtantly raged and ſtormed, as

if the Demonſtrations of his Furiouſneſs were to be preſented on *Folly*'s Theatre; ſometimes he wou'd ſtamp, and in a moment ſtare, as if his Brains had been beſotted with a Lunatick Frenzy; then curſe *Cupid* becauſe he ſeduced him; and yet inſtantly yield many Millions of Thanks to *Venus*, for inveſting him a Servant to ſo divine a Creature: When repeating the Name of *Merſilva*, he would quietly ſit down and ſlumber, as tho' the Deity of that ſacred Word, had ſome divine Authority to charm his Senſes; ſometimes with deteſtable Reproaches, he would rebuke his Eyes for ſo unfortunately gazing upon *Merſilva*'s Beauty. The Meſſenger was all this while a Spectator of *Plivio*'s Paſſions; and miſtruſting it proceeded from the Princeſſes Occaſion, which wrought in him that perplexity, inſtantly leaving him to his Paſſions, departed, and inform'd the Princeſs, in the higheſt Degree, the manifeſtation of his Malady, and the melancholy Humour of his perplexed Calamity.

Which the Princeſs *Merſilva* no ſooner underſtood, but being afreſh inflam'd with his Affection, ſhe very ſuddenly, in her Princely Breaſt, conceived a Motion of Remorſe, being exceeding anxious, that ſhe ſhould

ſhould occaſion ſo much Aggravation: when ſeparating herſelf from Company, ſhe betook her to her Cloſet, reſolving to breath forth her Paſſions to herſelf, where being no ſooner entred, but the Princeſs *Athelia* knocking at the Door, came to viſit her, and likewiſe for that Night to be her Bedfellow; *Merſilva*, ſmother'd her Sorrows as well as ſhe could, and putting on a chearful Countenance, entertain'd her: So with a great deal of Familiarity and friendly Conference, they deluded the Time, till Supper being ended, and the Skies o'er-veil'd with obſcure Night, they both betook themſelves to their Bed, where both, but eſpecially *Merſilva*, ſlept with a watchful Countenance; having their Minds tracing upon their Favourites Perfections. But ſplendent *Aurora* the joyful Meſſenger of *Phœbus*, had no ſooner in Combat conquer'd the veſtal Night, and ſo given the ſable Clouds a valorous Overthrow, but radiant *Titan* tranſpiercing his Darts through their Damask Curtains, early in the Morn, made *Merſilva* ariſe; who without any noiſe, leaving *Athelia* in Bed, apparell'd herſelf, directing her Courſe to the Fields; when circumferencing divers pleaſant Meadows, ſhe at laſt arriv'd to a fragrant Mountain, where not only

finding that the *Spring* did preſent her with a delicious Umbrage, but alſo that *Phœbus* had there exhaled the balmy Drops from the Face of *Flora*, ſhe moſt majeſtically laid her down on the verdant Graſs, having a Buſh of *Eglantine*, mixt with Cowſlips in her Hand, not only to repulſe the Rays of ardent *Olympus*, but alſo to keep off the Gnats and Bees from her Roſie Cheeks, where penſively contemplating with herſelf, ſhe breathed forth theſe words.

'Ah, *Merſilva!* how are thy Senſes 'caught in the Snares of Affection! and 'how are thy delightful Pleaſures now di-'verted to amorous Paſſions! Can thy 'Mind, which formerly could receive no 'Impreſſion, become now tractable to re-'ceive any Stamp!

Which words ſhe had no ſooner uttered, but caſting her Eyes about, ſhe eſpied, unexpectedly, Prince *Plivio*; whereat exceedingly bluſhing, the Bleſſing being ſo great, that it charm'd her purple Blood to aſſemble; ſhe immediately prepared herſelf to entertain him; who was no ſooner arrived, but he emboldned himſelf, and opportunely ſaluted her: he was ſo exquiſitely thereat delighted, that he abſolutely thought her Lips had that attractive Power to amaze his

his Senſes; but at laſt ſummoning of them again in their proper Order, and having ſeated her on a pleaſant Bank, graſping her by the Lilly-white Hand; though Affection had a long Time ſilenced his Tongue, with a trembling Voice, he at length addreſſed himſelf to her.

'Madam, My Eyes no ſooner reflected 'on your divine Beauty, but my Heart was 'made your Captive; and thoſe trouble-'ſome Lines which you received, was but a 'Meſſenger of my Mind, and an earneſt of 'my entire Affections; I am come now to 'preſent you with the Original, and to in-'form you, Madam, that my Paſſion is of 'that extent, as none but that Beauty which 'created it, can give it Limits: your ſacred 'Self is the Celeſtial Image to whom I 'bind and conſecrate my earthly Devotions; 'therefore, Madam, I beſeech you decline not 'my Affection, but make me ſo happy to 'enjoy your Favours, that I may give De-'ſpair a Farewel, and ſo again cheriſh my 'afflicted Hope, with the Joy which your-'ſelf ſhall Ingender in my more than cheer-'ful Imaginations.

Merſilva obſerving with what zealous Affection he declared himſelf, could inſtantly have condeſcended to his ſo reaſonable

a Requeſt; but thinking ſo ſoon to yield were but imprudency in her Sex, ſhe at laſt return'd this Anſwer.

'Sir, the faireſt Flowers do commonly 'harbour the fouleſt Waſps; and where the 'Stream ſeems moſt pleaſant, it is often 'moſt dangerous; delicate Words are but 'counterfeit Shadows for Deceit; and when 'the Sky ſeems clear it commonly preſages 'a Storm: Men in theſe days reſemble the 'Picture of *Janus*, which can preſcribe a 'Colour for every Phyſiognomy, and a Fan-'cy for every Favour; therefore as I will 'truſt none, ſo I intend not to try any; leſt 'repoſing Confidence unadviſedly, I pur-'chaſe Repentance too dear, and ſo Diſ-'cretion coming too late, I crave Pardon 'out of Seaſon. *Diana*'s Maxims in my 'Thoughts are not ſo ſoon evaporated, nei-'ther will I ſo prejudice my ſelf as to eſteem '*Venus* my Patroneſs; in the Mirrour of Ex-'perience I daily behold the downfal of di-'vers, in reſpect whereof, by others harms 'I mean to beware; Therefore Sir, if you 'pleaſe to relinquiſh your Suit, I may per-'chance reſpect you as a Friend; or if the 'contrary, hate you as an Enemy.

Flavia perceiving his Saint to fight al-ways under the Banner of Cruelty, and ſuſ-

pecting his Fidelity, having his disturbed Muse ingulph'd in the Ocean of Perplexity, did a long time remain silent; but reflecting his Observations upon the Excellency of her Beauty, return'd this Replication.

'Why fair *Mersilva*, one Swallow makes 'not a Summer, nor doth forepast Events 'conclude future Maxims: Affection comes 'by Destiny, not by Device, and is there-'fore Natural not Artificial. It is hard to 'censure of my Qualities, by others Quali-'fications, and very difficult to judge of my 'Affections by others Infidelity; therefore 'Madam, to remove all Obstacles that may 'create your Diffidence, I will seal what I 'have deliver'd with this Protestation, That 'my Passion for you, Madam, is firm, not 'inconstant, faithful, not feigned; and so 'grounded upon the Rock of immoveable, 'entire Amity, that as my days shall de-'monstrate my perpetual Affection, so my 'Death shall testifie my immortal Fidelity.

Mersilva hearing his solemn Protestations, immediately redned in such an amorous manner, that she could scarce refrain discovering her Affection; but at last with a compos'd Countenance, she return'd him this Answer.

'Sir, it is high time to put a Concluſion 'to our Conference, ſince the Theme where-'on you deſcant proceeds from Folly; for if 'you imagine that my Thoughts will con-'deſcend to Love's Embracements you de-'ceive your Hopes with a vain Abſurdity; 'what I outwardly ſpeak, proclaims my ſe-'cret Intentions, therefore bury your Spee-'ches in the Grave of ſilence, and preſume 'not to preſent her with your Love, which 'eſteems not any way of your Affection.

Plivio being much perplexed, was fra-ming an Anſwer, but *Merſilva* perceiving by his Countenauce what the Product of his Diſcourſe would be, very ſuddenly, without taking leave, departed; where leaving him to his Perplexities, and her to her Paſſions, we will for a while ſilence their Proceedings, and entertain ourſelves with Prince *Medor*'s Adventures.

Prince *Medor*, as you have formerly heard, having acquired the Love of the Princeſs *Florina*, and grounded his Affections in her Memory; was fruſtrated in the conſummation of his Bliſs by King *Agenor*, her Father, who utterly denied to match his Daughter with him, in reſpect of an ancient Antipathy between Prince *Medor*'s Father and himſelf. So that perceiving he could

not obtain his desire, nor so much as confer with the Princess *Florina*, by reason the King her Father had commanded her to retire into the Country, he immediately resolv'd to Travel, hoping that the Influence of Time would raze out the King's Indignation; he at last determined to take a Voyage to the Isle of *Madagascar*, to pay his Duty and Service to his Uncle, Duke *Alphonso*; but yet, lest departing without leave of the Lady *Florina* should render him guilty of Ingratitude, he at last with Tears in his Eyes writ these Lines.

Medor, *to the fair Princess* Florina.

MAdam, Destiny resolving to metamorphose our Pleasures into Pensiveness, hath doubtless instigated the King your Father to exercise his invective Malice against our Innocency; so that, dear Madam, I am forc'd to depart, and to leave behind me that transcendent Pledge of my Affection; live I cannot but in torment; being depriv'd of the Sight of so much Beauty; but such, Madam, is my unfortunate Fortune, and the Gods in the Synods of their Resolutions have imposed it as a Period to commence my Miseries; nay, more than so, I think ratified it for a Plague to impale

me within the Circumference of endleſs Diſconſolation. But, Madam, in what deſolate Place ſoever I erect my Reſidence, my Contemplations ſhall dwell upon the Idea of your Beauty, and my Mind ruminate upon your divine Perfections; and daily upon the Altar of Love I will ſacrifice Sighs, in teſtimonial of my immoveable Affections; therefore, dear Madam, be not diſmay'd, for the Gods who have made this Decree, may in time revoke their Sentence; ſo committing you to the protection of the Powers Divine, I remain Madam, your conſtant Servant till Death, *Medor.*

Which having ended, he deliver'd it to an intimate Friend to convey to her; and ſo finding a Ship ready, he imbarqu'd himſelf for *Madagaſcar*; ſometime he was floating upon the proud Billows, and paſt by ſeveral Ports and Iſlands, and at laſt betwixt a Bay and an Iſland was overtaken by a cruel tempeſtuous Storm, which continued a long time, and forc'd them into a Port in *Africa*; where gaining the Shore, and finding himſelf weak, through his Marine Sickneſs; he inſtantly reſolved there to make his Abode; and ſo taking leave of the Maſter, and beſtowing his Liberality upon

upon the Ship's Company, he there betook himſelf to erect his Reſidence; till at laſt being advertis'd by a Merchant, that the Court of *Zanſara* was the Rendezvous of the Flower of Chivalry, he determin'd thither to Travel: In which Journey, ſome few Leagues from the Court, by chance ſtraying in a Foreſt, and arriving to a ſolitary Cottage, whoſe Situation correſponded with his diſturb'd Paſſions, he reſolv'd there to make his Hibitation: the better to paſs away the doleful Time, whilſt abſent from his fair *Florina*, and the better to cloud his Secrets from the ſight of neighbouring Spectators, he diſguis'd himſelf in a Hermit's Habit, ſeeming outwardly to all Paſſengers the chief Inhabitant of that veſtal Grove; where forgetting his former Dignity, and ſolacing himſelf with the remembrance of his fair *Florina*, he a long Time liv'd as a Man which had forſaken the alluring Jollities of this inconſtant World, devoted his Soul to the only enjoying of Celeſtial Felicities. But Love, which ſtill inſpir'd him with the Beauty of his Princeſs, would not ſo abandon this her amorous Favourite, but ſo tyrannouſly furniſh'd his Mind with ardent Flames of Affection, that thinking to ſleep, *Cupid* would permit *Morpheus* no Entertain-

tertainment; but forced him divers Times to ariſe, and pourtract forth his Paſſions in Affirmation of his Fidelity; and at laſt ecchoʼd forth theſe Verſes.

Break, break diſtracted heart, there is no cure
For this thy Soul's moſt deſperate Calenture;
Sighs which in others Paſſions vent,
And give them eaſe when they lament,
Are but the Billows to my hot Deſire, (Fire:
And Tears in me don't quench, but nouriſh
Nothing can molliſie my Grief,
Or give my Paſſion ſome Relief. (your
Love's Flames when ſmotherʼd, always do de-
And when oppoſʼd by the ſame fatal Power,
Then welcom Death, let thy bleſt hands apply
A Medicine to my Grief, and then I'll die.

It were too tedious to relate all the Paſſages of the auſtere Life which Prince *Medor* led in this ſolitary Grove, therefore let this ſuffice: That being vanquiſhʼd with ardent Affection, he finally vowed to devote the Pilgrimage of his days to *Florina*'s Service, and proteſted to adore her as the ſacred Deity to whom he dedicated the generality of his Terreſtrial Devotions. Therefore leaving him to his diſconſolateneſs to be reliev'd by Patience, we will return to Pr. *Thalmo* and his Princeſs the fair *Athelia*.

Prince

Prince *Thalmo* perceiving the fair *Athelia* to be always devoted to Cruelty, and concluding with himself, that she triumph'd over his Martyrdom, being overcome with Love and loaded with Affection, could reap no rest of his Senses, until he had a Prospect of her singular Beauty; she being in the next Arbour, he addres's'd himself to her, after a small Complement, and said.

'Madam, The Nature of Planets is to 'have each his Influence, and it being my 'Fortune to be Planet-struck with that ex'celling Beauty which you possess, I am 'now come to the Divine Oracle to learn 'whether I shall be happy or miserable.

Athelia surpriz'd to see *Thalmo* present; yet shadowing her Affection under the protection of Nicety, with a little rediness said: 'Thalmo, if Planets have power to reform 'Civility, then I hope your old Folly is 'metamorphos'd to new Discretion: For 'my part I am what I professed; and 'if you approve of it, as you came un'look'd for, so when you please you may 'depart.

'Why Madam! reply'd *Thalmo*, so harsh 'a Sentence? should I which have been 'faithful to you, even from the Birth of 'your first Aspect, become now to your

'Deity

'Deity inconſtant, or would you adviſe me
'to transform my fore-paſt Affection into
'future Hatred? Thy Hatred, ſaid *Athelia*,
'doth more pleaſe me than thy Affection,
'and yet I care little for both, and for thy-
'ſelf leſs. *Thalmo* being ready to anſwer
her, was prevented by *Levina* her Gentle-
woman, who came on purpoſe to attend
her; the which as ſoon as he eſpy'd, with
a very low bow and a ſorrowful Reſolution
he departed; raging againſt *Cupid* for pre-
deſtinating him to ſerve ſo cruel a tyranni-
zing Beauty: when walking apart in a pri-
vate Place, he eſpy'd his fair *Athelia* to di-
rect her Courſe to the Court. Upon which
he re-entred the Arbour, where ſhe was, and
looking round him, he obſerv'd the Turtles
in their Amours; upon which ſeating him-
ſelf, he breath'd out theſe Verſes.

Obſerve theſe Turtles kind and true;
Hearken how frequently they woo;
They faithful Lovers are, and true,
If they that ſee 'em would but be ſo too.
Of them, my fair Athelia, *learn,*
At length to grant me my Concern:
Follow what thou in them doſt ſee,
And thou wilt ſoon be kind to me.

Having

Having thus vented himself, and seeing his fair *Athelia* absent, he at last thinking to find her in her Closet, where very pensively entring, and not seeing her there, immediately directed his way to the Court; where he was no sooner arriv'd, but a Page meets him, and delivers him this Message and Challenge. 'Sir, Prince *Almion*, my Master, 'hearing of the Affection you bear to the 'Princess *Athelia*, whose Beauty those that 'pretend to it, must dispute it in the Field 'of Honour, and to that end hath sent thee 'this resolute Defiance, which I here deli-'ver to thee: Which *Thalmo* opening, it contain'd these Words.

Almion to *Thalmo*.

'PRoudest *Arabian*, being acquainted 'with thy aspiring Affections to-'wards the Lady *Athelia*, whom the World 'knows none can lay Claim to so high a 'Favour but myself, and by reason my Cou-'rage disdains to digest so unpleasing a Dis-'grace, I have sent you this Defiance, to 'meet me single in the Castle-Trench after 'Dinner, there to dispute it with thy Sword; 'where I will severely chastise thy Inso-'lence in crossing my Affections, and make 'thee sensible, that in all Things thou hast 'abus'd thy Superiour. *Almion.*

Thalmo

Thalmo wondering at this unexpected News, and disdain'd to be out-brav'd by a *Zanfarian* Prince, by his own Page returned this.

The Answer.

'UNderstanding by your Defiance, that 'for my Duty I pay to the Lady '*Athelia*, you have assum'd that Title 'of being my School-Master, to correct 'me for that which yourself cannot a-'void; my Nature is such, that I desire 'to live no longer, than to be depriv'd 'of the Beauty of the fair *Athelia*: at the 'Time and Place appointed, my Sword 'shall demonstrate that my Affection is 'such to *Athelia*, that whilst here, I will 'live and die in her Service; and neither 'thy Valour, nor fear of Death shall raze 'her *Idea* out of my Memory. *Thalmo.*'

The Hour being come, *Thalmo* according to his promise fail'd not to present himself; where instead of meeting his Rival *Almion*, he was treacherously encountred by a Crew of desperate Ruffians, who were there by *Almion* plac'd in an Ambuscade

buſcade to Murder him, who ſeeing they ſo fiercely approached him, inſtantly began to put himſelf in a poſture of Defence to receive their Fury; where with a magnanimous Courage he dealt ſuch gallant Blows among them, that at firſt, not able to endure his Valour, they were forc'd to retreat: but after re-aſſuming their ſtrength, they very couragiouſly flew upon him, where they ſo manfully behav'd themſelves, that *Thalmo* not able to withſtand their Force, was glad to retire, and take the Caſtle Wall for his defence; where he ſo valiantly behav'd himſelf, that for recompence of their Treachery, he made many of them bear the weight, and undergo the ſharpneſs of his *Sicilian* Sword: but in ſhort, their Force bearing ſway, and their number Maſterdom, he unfortunately received many dangerous Wounds, from whence iſſued out abundance of Blood, that finding his Body weak, and feeling his Senſes fail him, thinking there was no way but Death, falling to the Ground, and gaſping as he thought his laſt, he in Memory of his dear *Athelia* breath'd out theſe words: *Let my blood teſtifie how well I loved* Athelia, *and retained conſtant even to the laſt.*

Thalmo

Thalmo had no ſooner uttered theſe Words, but Prince *Plivio* being ſlumbring behind a Bank next adjoining, hearing the Name of *Athelia* repeated, immediately ſtarted up, and ſeeing the Prince his Couſin to be in danger amongſt theſe Ruffians, inſtantly ſtept in to his Aſſiſtance; where making way with his Sword, he lifted him on his feet, and ſo deſiring him to be of good Courage, flew to his Adverſaries, where he diſtributed ſuch valorous ſtrokes amongſt them, that in ſhort ſome fled, and the reſt being vanquiſh'd, he triumphantly remain'd Conqueror: which was no ſooner finiſh'd, but uſing his beſt Art and Induſtry, bound up his Couſin's Wounds, and convey'd him to a skilful Chirurgeon there next adjoining, commanding him to dreſs him with all care imaginable; whereupon taking Horſe, he ſpeedily poſted to the Court, and inform'd the Princeſs *Athelia*, of the ſorrowful News; which when ſhe heard, immediately fell in a Trance. *Plivio* beholding this unexpected Accident, and wanting an Expedient, ſummon'd his Senſes in their proper Order, and employ'd his utmoſt diligence for the Ladies recovery; which he very ſoon effected, begging her to be of good Comfort, for that there was no

doubt to be made of *Thalmo*'s Health. The Princess being therewith a little qualified, for a while appeas'd herself; yet continu'd weeping for his Misery, being sensible it was her Affection which induced him to so hazardous an Enterprize: but thinking how to demean herself in so Tragical an Event, at last shedding many Tears, she resolved by his Friend *Pluvia* to send a few Lines, as a Manifestation of her Affection, and as an Unguent preservative to his Wounds; so calling for Pen and Paper, she wrote to this Effect.

Athelia to *Thalmo*.

'THalmo, the heavy News of thy Misfortune has implored my Affection to put Pen to Paper; and hath so overwhelm'd my Senses with Grief, that there is almost no words herein contained, but hath been washed with a Tear, nor no Syllable but hath been saluted with a Sigh: Yet since it is none but *Athelia* is the Original of thy Misfortune, I will to the utmost of my Power recompence thy Affections; so recommending my Sorrows to your favourable Censure, I unfeignedly am Yours as her own

Athelia.

Thal-

Thalmo receiving the Letter from Prince *Plivio*, found now by Experience, that the Diſtemper of the Mind far exceeds that of the Body; for it wrought ſuch Miracles upon his Cure, that in few Days he was perfectly recover'd; and contemplating upon that favourable Epiſtle which his dear *Athelia* had ſent him, and not to be Guilty of ſo high an Ingratitude in not returning an Anſwer, he enforcing himſelf to ſit up, writ her theſe Lines.

Thalmo *to the fair* Athelia.

'MAdam, the Honour you were pleaſed to afford to your unworthy 'Servant, has wrought ſuch Wonders upon my Diſtemper, that no other Phyſician 'but yourſelf could have effected ſuch a 'Cure, the virtue thereof being ſo well applied, that the powerful Charm had its 'full Operation: Therefore, Madam, on 'the Idea of your Divine Perfections will I 'for ever fix my Memory, and exerciſe 'my Contemplations upon your matchleſs 'Beauty; never forgetting my kind Preſerver, but will continually offer up Millions of Thanks for the Receipt of ſo great a Bleſſing, and unfeignedly remain

Yours now and ever,

Thalmo.

The

The Princeſs *Athelia* receiving the Letter, was much pleas'd with the News of *Thalmo*'s Recovery, yet could not be ſatisfied with that Copy of the Letter without ſeeing the Original Hand that writ it; ſo that at laſt finding an Opportunity, when the King and Queen her Parents were abſent, taking *Levina* with her, ſhe inſtantly went to the Lodge, where ſhe was advertiſed *Thalmo* was reſident; being conducted to his Chamber, ſhe beheld *Thalmo* very penſively walking alone, having his Arm pinn'd up in a Scarf; he no ſooner eſpy'd the Princeſs *Athelia*, but was tranſported beyond Meaſure, and forthwith embrac'd and kiſt her Hands; their Eyes like piercing Aſpects attracted each others ſight, that like Ambaſſadors of Love they ſeem'd to ratifie a mutual Alliance: their Tongues were ſilent for a while, till at laſt an amorous Bluſh had given leave to ſo pleaſing an Encounter, *Athelia* utter'd theſe Words.

'*Thalmo*, You may wonder at my unexpected Arrival, and yet you may imagine the News of your Misfortune led me hither, and not to keep you any longer in ſuſpence, I am now come in ſome meaſure to retaliate your Affection, though indeed before I thought it not convenient

'ent to take it ſo ſoon in conſideration; but
'ſince the Gods have ſo decreed it, there is
'no reſiſting the Divine Powers; therefore
'you may place your Happineſs where your
'kind Stars directs you.

Thalmo hearing this Celeſtial Lecture, perceived by the fervency of her Words that ſhe utter'd no more than Love did induce her; very ſoftly taking of her by her ſnowy Hand, return'd her this obliging Anſwer.

'Madam, your Words have ſo much Di-
'vinity in themſelves, that they carry a
'Power with 'em, to whom they are dire-
'cted; and are a high Cordial to afflicted
'Spirits; the Operation hath cauſed my
'Breaſt to triumph o'er my Sickneſs,
'which heretofore I believed would not
'only have conquered my Mind, but alſo
'cut off the Thread of my Life; therefore
'welcome, dear Madam, to your ſorrow-
'ful *Thalmo*, and Millions of Thanks to
'kind Fortune, for inveſting mine Eyes
'with ſo heavenly an Object! But whi-
'ther wander my Senſes, that I forget my-
'ſelf ſo much, as not to gratify your Love
'with reciprocal Affection? But pardon
'me, dear Madam, and attribute the De-
'fects of my Reaſon to the Diſtemper of
'my Weakneſs; for I reſolve that both

'now

'now and ever to Honour and Adore you 'as the eternal Goddeſs of my Proſperity; 'eſteem you as the ſacred Image of my 'Felicity.

To which *Athelia* anſwered, 'Prince '*Thalmo*, where there is no Offence com-'mitted, by conſequence the Excuſe ceaſ-'eth: Thy Actions having cleared from 'Imputation; be not timorous, for thy 'Pardon is Sealed: Therefore advance in 'Love, and I will proſecute in Affection; 'proceed in Amity, and I will correſpond 'in Friendſhip: For approbation of which 'take here my Heart and Hand as the ſted-'faſt Seal of immortal Conſtancy; vow-'ing before the Imperial Throne of Hea-'ven, to eſtabliſh only *Thalmo* for my Lord 'and Husband.

Thalmo eſteeming himſelf exceeding for-tunate with this Angelical Reply, and in Congratulation of her proteſted Amity, return'd her this Anſwer.

'Madam, Your ſincere Affection creates 'in me ſuch Raptures, and has ſo great 'an Influence over all my Senſes, that in 'Retaliation, I vow not only to dedicate 'my zealous Devotions to ſo beautiful a 'Shrine, but alſo reſolve to remain for 'ever your Loyal Servant.

With

With many amorous Ceremonies they firmly contracted themſelves; and in ſuch an affectionate manner, that neither the Frowns of Fortune, or Treachery of Time, or the Flattery of Inſinuation, could either blaſt their flouriſhing Friendſhip, or once daunt their immoveable Fidelity: ſo that having brought this happy Couple to a ſacred Union, we will for a while leave them; and diſcourſe of the ſtrange Accidents which befel the Lady *Florina*.

Florina living very ſorrowful in her deſolate Caſtle, was at laſt by King *Agenor* her Father, commanded to Court without any delay; whereat being exceedingly diſcontented, in reſpect it would hinder her Devotions due to Prince *Medor*; and being a faithful Admirer of his Perfections, utterly refus'd thereunto to condeſcend. The King being inform'd of her Obſtinacy, immediately ſent forth Meſſengers to force her to the Court: but ſhe being before acquainted with it, conſulted with herſelf how to avoid her Father's Indignation. At laſt knowing no other means for her Eſcape, than to ſhelter herſelf under ſome Peaſant's Cottage, ſo laying aſide her Princely Extraction and Grandeur, ſhe purſu'd her intended purpoſe: ſo that reaping an exceeding

Delight,

Delight, to ſee the homely Shepherds lead their Milkwhite Flocks to the fragrant Fields, and to hear divers Quires of harmonious Birds chanting forth their pleaſant Notes; ſhe remained there a long time as well contented, as a Lady in her Eſtate could contain herſelf, which was oppreſs'd in Love: till on a Day hearing a Shepherdeſs Company to the Fields, directly in the cloſe of the Evening, when the Golden Sun was declining and leaving the Horizon to give Light to our *Antipodes*; and the pale-fac'd ſilver Moon gave notice to Pilgrims of their Repoſe; as theſe our two Females were returning from folding their Flocks, *Florina* hiding herſelf under the Canopy of a ſprouting Fig-Tree, ſung with an excellent Voice theſe Lines.

Hence Cupid *with your cheating Toys,*
Your real Griefs and painted Joys,
Your Pleaſures which itſelf deſtroys,
Love, like Man in Fevers burn and rave,
And only what enſures them does deceive:
Man's weakneſs makes Love ſo ſevere,
They give them power by their fear,
And make the Shackles which they wear.
Who to another do's his Heart ſubmit,
Makes his own Idol, and does worſhip it.

Him whose Heart is all his own,
Peace and Liberty does Crown,
He apprehends no killing frown;
Feels no Raptures which are Joys diseas'd,
And is not much transported, but still pleas'd.

The Shepherdess seeing *Florina* had now ended, entreated her to repair home; they had not long tript over the diaper'd Fields, but they beheld a very young Stripling, which hastily drew towards them, who being almost out of breath with running, to the Lady *Florina* brought this Message.

'Madam, I am on purpose sent to beg you 'instantly, to hide yourselves in some secret 'Grove, for there are arriv'd to our Cottage, 'four or five, which come in search for you, 'and have very much wounded my Father 'for concealing you: Therefore make no 'delay, Madam, if you value your own Pre'servation; and since the Laws of Nature 'and Humanity obliges me to aid all Ladies 'in Affliction, I will, if you please, conduct 'you with safety through the Woods and 'Vineyards, where I doubt not but you 'may remain with most assur'd Privacy.

Florina wondering at her Father's Cruelty, yet pleas'd at the Shepherd's Civility, pondering with herself which way to wan-

der in this Exigency; at last following the Youth's Advice, she desir'd the Shepherdess to bear her Company, so directing their Course to the Sea-side, which in two days they attain'd, without being espied of any: But they were no sooner arrived to a harbouring Town, but they were inform'd, that there was likewise Search made for her Apprehension; whereat being almost overwhelm'd with Passion, and vanquish'd with Affection, they immediately left the Town, and cross'd the Strand: Tracing upon the Borders of the Sea, they arriv'd to a little Creek, where espying an aged Fisher-man in his Cock-boat, repairing his Nets, having given him the Time of the Day, ask'd him, If he would, for Recreation, transport them a League on the Sea? The Fisher-man demanding a Recompence, they thereunto agreed; so with a merry Gale, which blew the Sail from the bending Mast, they put to Sea, where delighting to see the old Man take store of Fish, and to feel the Boat dance on the azur'd Seas. In this manner they pass'd away the Time, till Night gave them a Summons to return: But before *Florina* reach'd the Shoar, she demonstrated her Estate to the ancient Fisher-man, and likewise begg'd him with

Tears in her Eyes, to assist her in this her miserable Distress, and for her Safety to convey her every Day on the Sea. The old Man pitying her Estate, and being instigated by her liberality, soon to her so reasonable a Request, voluntarily condescended: Which course they many days observed, with as much joy to *Florina*, as if she had now been triumphing in her former Dignity; till at last Fortune resolving to add more Misery to her Affliction, caused her, unexpectedly, to fall within the Labyrinth of a greater Misfortune; for they so long Time daily went to Sea, till at length, being two Leagues from the Shore, they were espy'd by a Pinnace, which ranged close along by the Clifts, to attrap some Purchase, who hoisting their Sails, came directly towards them; and so making speedy way, did very soon cut their Boat from the Shore, commanding them to the Main; which doleful Sentence, alarm'd our weak Company, and made them almost die with Grief, to think on their disastrous Calamity; but especially the Lady *Florina*, from whose Eyes distill'd many pearled Tears, which as the perfect Messengers of Sorrow, did apparently demonstrate her insupportable Grief; but all, alas! in vain, for there

was

was no remedy to assist her, nor no undaunted *Alcides* near hand to rescue her from their Cruelty; but they were very rigorously commanded to come aboard; which with a faint Courage, and sorrowful Resolution, they effected, *Florina* being the last that enter'd, whom the Turkish Slaves no sooner beheld, but casting their Eyes upon her Angelical Beauty, clapping their Hands, and throwing up their Caps; being glad they had got so glorious a Prize to present their *Sultan*. The Comfortless *Florina* hanging down her Head with Despair, thought she was now on the Stage, where the Catastrophe of her Tragedy should be acted.

But the Captain of this cursed Crew, discreetly beholding her Beauty, did from the Influence of her constant Eyes, and modest Aspect, conceive she was a virtuous Person, and of great Extraction; in respect whereof he discharged the rest, and retain'd only perplex'd *Florina*, which he commanded to be entertained with all Respect and Favour imaginable; and the better to effect it, he forsook his Cabin, and lodg'd her in it, charging his Page to attend her with as great Diligence, as on his own Person; so that *Florina* might per-

ceive, that as they entertain'd her with that Civility, ſo they likewiſe honoured her, by never attempting to violate her Chaſtity, which ſhe a thouſand Times eſteem'd more dear than her Life: But again remembring Prince *Medor*, ſhe would weep, as if his abſent Idea had a regal Prerogative to create her Tears; many bitter Sighs ſhe likewiſe Eccho'd forth, and blam'd the unfortunate Fates for inveſting her with this diſaſtrous Accident. In her Contemplation, ſhe ruminated upon his Perfections; but again pondering upon his Abſence, and her own preſent Miſery, ſhe would forthwith burſt into publick Exclamations, curſing the inhuman Deſtinies for inveſting her Breaſt with ſuch an Aggravation. Which the Captain perceiving, began moſt affectionately to comfort her deſpairing Courage; adding moreover, with the induſtrious Art of his fluent Rhetorick, that no improbious or malevolent Proceedings ſhould be exerciſed againſt her, but ſuch reſpect ſhould be paid her as was equivalent to her Virtue. But alas, *Florina* not minding his Words, could reap no benefit by the Anagram of his Speeches, but ſtill moſt bitterly bewail'd her Misfortune, lying proſtrate in her Cell of Miſery; where

leaving

leaving her with the Captain of the Pinace, which reſolv'd to tranſport her for *Conſtantinople*, we will commit her to the favourable Occurrence of Fortune, and return to *Plivio* and *Merſilva*.

Prince *Plivio* being inform'd of his Couſins Proceedings, and of the fortunate Succeſs he had receiv'd in his Amours, began to conceive ſome Motions of Hope, by the means of the Lady *Athelia*, to obtain his deſired *Merſilva*: Upon which Foundation he accoutred himſelf in white Sattin, cut upon white Damask, and went to the Court; but being inform'd ſhe was with the Queen, the Lady *Athelia*, and other Ladies, hunting in the Foreſt, he immediately mounted his Courſer, and with a ſwift pace poſted thither, where he no ſooner arrived, but hearing the ſhril Cry of the Hounds, and the loud ſounding of the Horns, thinking the Huntſmen were on the foot of the Game, being a deſirous Spectator, but more zealous to behold the Beauty of the fair *Merſilva*, with an earneſt Reſolution made his Jennet advance, where traverſing the Thickets, we will for a while leave them, and diſcourſe of the Adventures which happened to the Lady *Merſilva*.

In the midſt of the Game it ſo chanced that the Deer which they chaſed, eſcaped from their ſight; and the Troops of Knights and Ladies diſpers'd themſelves to attrap him; amonſt the reſt, there was a young Cavalier named *Blithion*, which a long Time had burn'd with Affection for the Princeſs *Merſilva*, and conld never reap any fit opportunity to diſcloſe himſelf, tho' by all Means ſought to Sequeſter her from the Company. At laſt *Fortune* determining with her Beauty to adminiſter a treacherous Accident, did by her Influence cauſe the harmleſs Princeſs to ſtray from the ſight of her Aſſociates; where ranging diſcontentedly, as if her Courage had been already vanquiſh'd by Deſpair, was at laſt moſt unfortunately met by this *Blithion*, who being exceedingly tranſported with this News, giving Spurs to his Horſe, and Speed to his Courage, in a ſhort ſpace overtook her, where with theſe indecent Words, he impudently ſaluted her.

'Madam! I have a long-time endured 'many Millions of Perplexities, which your 'Divine Beauty hath created; and I hope 'ſince Deſtiny is ſo favourable as to preſent 'my Eyes with ſo ſweet an Object, that you 'will be pleas'd to grant my Affection the

'frui-

'fruition of my ardent Desires; and let my 'Breast enjoy those Heavenly Pleasures of 'your amorous Embraces, without which, 'you will fully accomplish my untimely 'Martyrdom.

Mersilva smiling at his fond Speeches, but being moved at his immodesty, dying her Cheeks with a Vermilion Blush, very sharply return'd him this Answer.

'Sir! if your vicious self had been ever 'train'd up in the School of Virtue, you 'would have temper'd your Words with 'Discretion, and not so lavishly presum'd to 'offend a chast Ladies Ears with such Ob-'stenity: but since your sottish Tongue hath 'utter'd that which cannot be recall'd, know, 'impudent Villain, that I abhor thy Suit, as 'the utter prejudice of my unspotted Ho-'nour, and detest thyself as the inhumane 'Actor of my immortal Degradation: there-'fore with speed depart, and instantly bid 'adieu to your abrupt Folly; otherwise I 'will acquaint the King of thy lascivious 'Enterprize, and instigate him to reward thy 'Offence, with the deserv'd Punishment of 'thy demerits. *Blithion* nothing dismay'd at this Answer, but rather increased the Flames of his lascivious Desire; instantly prosecuted his Suit in this manner.

'Madam, ſtand not ſo much on your Punctilio's of Diſdain; but rather conſider with yourſelf where you now are; for at preſent you are deſtitute from the Court, and of Aſſiſtance; ſo that your Honour and Life is at my diſpoſal; and to inform you of my Reſolution, I will not be denied with Refuſals, nor deluded by Delays; for in ſpight of Fortune, I muſt ſatisfie my Love, and reap the enjoyment of my long deſired Expectation: Therefore, Madam, pray readily conſent, and furniſh your Tongue no more with your elegant Expreſſions of Coyneſs; otherwiſe you will enforce me after Enjoyment, to uſe you with ſuch Barbarity, as my Nature would ſcarce proffer to your lovely Sex, much leſs to you, Madam, who I did ever adore: Come, Madam, I believe you want as much Courting as ſome Widows do; which I'll inform you of their Expectation.

Sings. *He that would win a Widows Heart;*
muſt bear up briskly to her;
She loves the Lad that's free and ſmart,
but hates the formal Wooer.

Merſilva greatly aſtoniſh'd at him, began exceedingly to weep, and ſighing as if her Breaſt

Breaſt would rend in ſunder with inſupportable Grief, continually invoking the Divine Powers to revenge her Quarrel, and to ſhelter her from the Rapine of this immodeſt Knight: at laſt conſidering that Silence was a Demonſtration of Conſent, diſdaining ever to ſtain her Honour, ſhe ſummoned her angry Muſes, and very reſolutely with an Undauntedneſs returned him this Anſwer.

'Inhumane Knight! Since Reaſon will 'not allay your Cruelty, in permitting me 'to depart without blemiſhing my Honour, 'be aſſured, that rather than I will once con'ſent to thy laſcivious Demand, I will vo'luntarily be the Inſtrument of my untime'ly Martyrdom. Thereupon unſheathing a Poniard which ſhe wore, as a ſecond *Lucretia*, ſhe reſolved to deſtroy herſelf; but the deviliſh Knight eſpying, wreſting it from her hand, prevented her; and catching hold of the Bridle, diſmounted her; whereat being overcome with fear, in a Trance fell to the Ground, where metamorphoſing her Cherry colour to a pale Complexion, ſhe there lay Speechleſs, but coming again to herſelf, *Blithion* proceeded.

'Madam, 'Tis in vain to reſiſt, where 'there is none to reſcue you, yet were

'*Hercules*

'*Hercules* himself present, he should not 'hinder me of my Purpose; for my sensual 'Ardour cannot be extinguished without 'accumulating the Roses of your Divine 'Virginity. Which having ended, *Mersilva* falling on her Knees, with Tears trickling down her Cheeks, beseeched him in these Words.

'Sir! Pity the Estate of an innocent Dam-'sel, and rather sheath your Rapier in my 'Breast, than bereave me of what I esteem 'more precious than my Life; erect not I 'beseech you, your Trophies of Pleasure in 'the violation of my Honour, or depriving 'the inward Treasure of my unspotted Cha-'stity. But the doleful Confluence of her Tears imbath'd her fluttering Tongue in Silence, that her exterior Fortitude permitting her not to decypher her inward Grief, she lay for a while Senseless, as if her Thoughts had been smother'd up in Disconsolateness; when arousing her sorrowful Mind with the Contemplation of approaching Danger, she suddenly started up, and most inhumanely tore the Tresses of her golden Hair, wherewith Nature had gloriously imbellished her; which Tragical Object might have moved the most bloody *Scythian* to pity; nay, have caus'd the sense-

less

less obdurate Rocks themselves to weep, and have taken Compassion upon her deplorable Condition.

But *Blithion* not moved with Remorse, but rather burning with inordinate Desire, to extenuate the Fire of his insatiable Lust, esteem'd every Minute a Month, before he had perfected his Diabolical Enterprize: so that accepting of no Reason nor Imploration, taking her by the trembling Hand, he most viciously began to embrace her; when being ready to make Shipwrack of her Honour, behold *Plivio* came Galloping very furiously; which *Merfilva* to her Comfort espying, loudly cry'd out 'Ah *Plivio*! as you 'tender my Affection, and value my Honour, 'assist your distressed *Merfilva*, and re'venge the deviliſh Pretence of this inhu'mane Monster with the Reward of his just 'Punishment.

Plivio perceiving it to be his dear *Merfilva*, being inflamed with Revenge, instantly leaping from his Horse, with his Sword drawn, approaching his Enemy, very furiously uttered these Words: 'Slave 'and Villain, make ready thy Sword, for 'thou immediately diest. Which words he no sooner pronounced, but in a Moment he lodg'd his Sword in the Offender's Breast;

Breaſt; where receiving his Reward, and falling gaſping to the Ground, *Plivio* firſt cut off his laſcivious Tongue, and then ſent his Soul to the Confines of *Pluto*, to tell *Tereus* and *Tarquin* he was one of their wicked Diſciples.

Which *Merſilva* with Joy perceiving, ran to *Plivio*, falling firſt to his Feet, and then again ariſing, embrac'd and kiſt him, when after having given him many hearty Thanks, ſeconded by Showets of Tears, ſhe related to him the whole Proceedings; the which when *Plivio* underſtood, he eſteem'd himſelf extraordinary happy, that the Fates appointed him to arrive in ſo fortunate an Hour; and ſo having comforted his now even comfortleſs *Merſilva*, remounting her on her Milk-white Courſer, poſting together, they reſolved to find out the Queen; to whoſe Preſence being arrived, ſitting with her Ladies under the pleaſant Shades of Fig-trees, whoſe ſpacious Leaves kept them from the Power of the Sun's Influence; to them he gave a Relation of this Adventure, which *Merſilva* verified by a freſh Shower of pearled Tears, which like Dew on Damask Roſes, diſtilled on her ſorrowful Cheeks. Which when the Queen, together with her Daughter the Princeſs *Arbella*, and

the

the reſt of the Ladies underſtood, they prais'd the Divine Powers, and gave likewiſe inceſſant Thanks to *Plivio*, for his undaunted Magnanimity, and exceedingly congratulated the Princeſs *Merſilva*'s Preſervation: They left the Foreſt, and return'd to the Court, where they were no ſooner arriv'd, but the Queen immediately made the King therewith acquainted; who highly commended Prince *Plivio* for his Valour; and in conſideration thereof honourably advanc'd him: which adding more hope to *Plivio*'s deſir'd Enterprize, made him not a little rejoyce at the accidental Event of ſuch great Fortune; for perceiving himſelf much in the King, and Queens Favour, and likewiſe in the Princeſs *Athelia*'s, in reſpect of her beſt beloved *Thalmo*; and then beholding his adored *Merſilva* reap ſuch ſatisfaction in enjoying his Preſence; whereupon remaining continually in the Court, he at laſt found *Merſilva* in her Cloſet, to whom he amorouſly addreſt himſelf.

'Madam, all alone? a Kiſs of your 'fair Hand for your beſt Thoughts. Not 'alone Sir, *ſaid ſhe*, for my Thoughts are 'my beſt Compañions; yet my Contem-'plations are ſo frivolous, that leſs than 'what you nominate may purchaſe them.

The

The Prince being transported to see her in so facetious a Humour, resolv'd to prosecute his Amours, continued: 'Why fair *Mer-*'*silva*, less than a kiss from your fair Hand, 'or a smile from those Lips, is in Effect no-'thing; and Ladies will scarce thank their 'Lovers with so slender an Affection. In-'deed, Sir, *says she*, I'll prove that to the 'contrary, for they are many times so effe-'ctual, that it raises their Lovers to so great 'a height of Ambition, that many times 'they take too much Priviledge.

'I, but Madam, replied *Plivio*, these are 'Shadows without Substance; for there 'is some difference between Pretence and 'Performance; for the one is the others 'contrary. So taking up her Hand, he ad-vanc'd it to his Lips, and kist it; where-upon, with a sharp Rebuke, she return'd him this Answer.

'Sir, I little thought your Proceedings 'would have been so peremptory; for had 'I but once judg'd your Actions would have 'been of so large an Extent, my Absence 'should have given you an utter Denial.

'The Prince seeing her Patience a little moved, thought to ballance his Offence with an humble Answer; and in this man-ner addressed himself.

'Madam,

'Madam, your Anger carries such a 'Power, that where-ever it steers its Course, 'it sits Triumphant: Had I thought my 'innocent Actions would have so soon 'incurr'd your Displeasure, I would have 'prevented, by my Care, what has now 'happened.

Whereunto the Princess *Merfilva* reply'd, 'I see now, 'tis my Favour, which is the 'occasion of this Disorder, therefore to 'avoid the like for the future, you may, 'as you came, depart, and return when you 'are sent for.

'Madam, *reply'd the Prince*, if the De-'monstrations of my Passion has created in 'you this Displeasure, I beseech you impute 'it to my Affection, which was the chief 'occasion; and as a Reward of my Crime, 'inflict on me what Punishment you think 'shall be Equivalent to the Offence.

The Princess *Merfilva* hereat blush'd, but in such affectionate manner, as if both Love and Disdain sat on her Cheeks, striving for Supremacy; yet at last considering she had advanc'd her words so far, and seeing the Subject so small, whereon she had grounded her Anger; instantly departed, leaving poor *Plivio* oppress with Love; sometimes he would walk about

her

her Chamber, crying out, *Ye Gods, muſt I never be acquainted with your Power? but only through thoſe miſeries you caſt upon me by it? alas! why do you furniſh me with ſo much Frailty, and yet provoke me to Deſpair?* Then he would Slumber, and in his Drowzineſs dream of *Merſilva*'s Cruelty; and in revenge thereof tear his Hair: In which Poſture he ſo long remained, till at laſt *Merſilva* returned; who aſtoniſh'd to ſee him there preſent, forgetting her former Anger, ask'd him pleaſantly, What Wind blew him thither? Whereupon ſtriving to aboliſh his Grief, fetching a Sigh, he mildly return'd her this Anſwer.

'Madam, It is your alone Cruelty, 'which hath created my Sorrows, and if 'you did not Triumph o'er my Miſery, 'you would with Juſtice pity my Malady; 'therefore, Madam, I beſeech you be not 'prolix in thoſe Favours you are pleas'd 'to confer on me, but rather let me know 'my Deſtiny, whither I ſhall live your 'Admirer, or die your Martyr.

The Princeſs obſerving with what fervent Zeal he pleaded, did inſtantly, as being inſpir'd with Affection, return him this Anſwer.

'Prince

'Prince *Plivio*, your Valour and Virtue, 'having combin'd their charming force in 'the band of Unity, hath long ſince in 'my Breaſt made way for your Affection, 'in ſuch a manner, that being conquer'd 'by the Aſpect of your Magnanimity, I in 'all Honour remain yours; and though 'I have hitherto refrain'd diſcovering of 'my Affections, yet impute it not to the 'defect of my Benevolence, but rather to 'the Zeal which I had to make proof of 'your Conſtancy: But now I call the 'Gods to witneſs, that from my Heart I 'adore none but *Plivio*, which is the bright 'Morning-Star of my Felicity.

The Prince in Congratulation of this Happineſs, very familiarly return'd her this Reply.

'Moſt Divine *Merſilva!* if my Tongue 'could expreſs, or my Mind diſcover the 'flouriſhing and never dying Fidelity, which 'is imprinted in my Breaſt, I ſhould ac-'knowledge myſelf bound to Nature, and 'indebted to Art, for enduring me with ſo 'great a Felicity: But ſince the Creator of 'my deliverance cannot ſufficiently ſtamp 'the Interiour Characters of my Cogita-'tions, nor the Diſcoverer of my Secrets, 'enough worthily decypher my Affections,

'yet

'yet I beseech you believe that I have 'grounded my Constancy upon so sure a 'Foundation, and my Fidelity upon so firm 'a Resolution, that neither the alluring 'Events of Prosperity, nor the terrifying 'Threats of Misfortune, can either extenuate by flattering Shadows, or extinguish 'by frowning Substance.

Mersilva hearing his friendly Answer, comforted her Senses with the assurance of his Affection, and mildly return'd him this kind Answer.

'Dear *Phvio*, being heretofore a Prisoner, I am by your kind Aid and Assistance 'set at Liberty; yet when I remember the 'Estate of King *Samor* my Father, I cannot 'forbear weeping, in that I should so unadvisedly bereave him of a Daughter; but 'yet the Unity of our Love link'd me to 'your Affection, and in ruminating on 'your Virtues, I infuse his Memory in the 'twist of Oblivion: So that Condemn me 'not of Disobedience, in being Obedient 'to yourself, nor impute not the Title of 'inhumane Ignorance to my Charge, in 'respect it is your Virtues which Unite me 'to your Affections. And with that, Showers of Tears trickled down her Cheeks; 'which the Prince perceiving, endeavouring 'to Comfort her, said to her, 'Weep

'Weep not, fair *Merſilva*, but let now 'the radiant Aſpect of our fixed Amours, 'abandon the reſidence of Sorrow; let the 'Memory of our tender Affections drown 'the Waves of Diſcontent; and let the 'Novelty of our Friendſhip, triumph over 'inſinuating Diſconſolation. The Gods 'ſeem to Sympathize our Amity, and 'Fortune herſelf delights to Crown our 'Friendſhip: Fair *Merſilva!* Deſpair is 'the Path-way to Deſtruction; therefore 'chear up your Spirits, and let a plea-'ſant Countenance give Sorrow the Over-'throw; and think not that my Famili-'arity ſhall prejudice your Eſtate, or di-'miniſh your Grandeur, for then were my 'Solicitations feigned, and my Affections 'folly; but the purity of my pretence, and 'the event of Time ſhall inform you to the 'contrary, for *Plivio* will live and die only 'to adore ſweet *Merſilva*.

'Whereupon *Merſilva* reply'd, Having 'an aſſured Hope, that you will perform 'no leſs than you Promiſe, I in Conſi-'deration vow to be wholly yours, and 'none but Death ſhall ſeparate us. Thanks 'dear *Merſilva*, *Plivio* reply'd, and to re-'talliate your Affection, take my Heart 'and Hand, in pledge of my immortal

'Con-

'Constancy; vowing before the Imperial 'Throne of Heaven, that nothing shall 'withdraw my Zeal from serving and ho-'nouring *Mersilva.*

Thus having plighted their Troths to each other, they a long time remained solacing themselves; till at last Night approaching, which summon'd Prince *Plivio* to depart; when taking his Angelical Saint by the Hand, and fixing his Eyes upon the Divine Mirrour of her Heavenly Beauty, he with a Sigh gave her this friendly Farewell.

'Dear *Mersilva*, I must now be constrai-'ned to leave you to the Chaos of your 'ruminating Contemplations; but I wiln 'repair to my Closet, and there contrive 'Means for establishing our future Tran-'quility: so that till I am again made 'fortunate, by enjoying the Excellency of 'your divine Presence, I in all faithful 'Affection take my sorrowful Leave.

Mersilva changing her Countenance to a pale Complexion, with Tears made him this Answer.

'Dear *Plivio*, as you value my Affecti-'on, let your return be with Expedition, 'for fear, left wanting your Presence, I 'immediately die in the Contemplation

'of

'of your Absence; therefore at my sincere Request, satisfie my ardent Expectation; and in recompence thereof, as 'I intend to live in your Favour, so I resolve to die in your virtuous Affection. Thus with many Sighs at parting, *Merfilva* went to her Closet; and *Plivio* betook himself to converse with his Cousin *Thalmo*, to whom he related the Event of his fortunate Proceedings, and the prosperous Conclusions of his amorous Enterprize; who being exceedingly satisfied, ask'd if his Lady were contented to leave the Court and Travel with him: He told him, he had motion'd it to her, and her Reply was very Effectual, that she would accompany me as far as the Confines of the World would permit, or I desire. 'Why then, reply'd *Thalmo*, the Princess *Athelia* and *Merfilva* 'sympathize in one Agreement, and she 'vows no more than *Athelia* desires to perform. To reside here is but Folly, in respect we are absent from our Native 'Country; and to acquaint any with our 'Affections is not proper; therefore let us 'hasten our departure, and direct our Course 'to our own Residence; lest prolixity of 'Time, discover the Secrets of our Pre'sence, and so the beginning of our Hopes

'be croſt by Envy, in the bloomy Bloſ-
'ſoms of their Maturity; which to a-
'void, let us with ſpeed thro' the Woods
'and Foreſts, convey our Ladies from
'Sight of any; for if the Report of
'our Departure reaches the Ears of King
'*Brilion*, he will, without queſtion, uſe
'his utmoſt Severity againſt us, and ei-
'ther deprive us of our Lives or Li-
'berties.

Prince *Plivio* attentively liſtned to his Couſin's Exhortations, and allowed well of the Deſign, which he had contrived for their Retirement; the which the better to accompliſh, he deſired his Couſin *Thalma*, to acquaint the Princeſs *Athelia* with it, and he would do the like to the Princeſs *Morſilva*, to the end, that when the Hour of Departure ſhould be aſſigned, they might put themſelves in an Equipage, and get ſuch things ready, as might be neceſſary for their Journey: Upon which Reſolution, each departed to his Lady, and in many amorous Terms, declared their Reſolutions, and not only diſcovered their Births, but alſo their direct Names; the which, when they no ſooner underſtood, were extreamly ſatisfied, and to their Reſolutions, very ſoon condeſcended.

By

By this time our two Princes having apparent Proofs of each others Affection, and burning with Desire to set forward their enterprizes; instantly appointed the next Night following, at the outer Gate, betwixt Twelve and One, they would attend the happy Arrivals of their dear Princesses; which Warning, though short, seemed so sweet to the Ladies Imaginations, that they very pleasantly deluded the Time in familiar Discourse, till at last the Hour, as they thought being come, and no Princes appear'd, they metamorphos'd their Mirth to Melancholiness, and their Joy to Discontent: but alas! these Ladies were both deceiv'd; for the Dial of their Fancies told the Hour of Assignation, before the Horologe sounded, and the Clock of their Imaginations struck Twelve and One e'er the Essence of Twelve, and far less Eleven, was in Election to be finish'd; yet in such sorrowful manner they past the time, till at last their two Princes arriv'd, giving a shrill Hollow, which serv'd for a Watch word; which the Ladies, to their Delight no sooner heard, but re-assuming their Courage, and a Vermillion Blush taking possession of their Milk-white Cheeks, they in their travel-

Apparel deſcended; at whoſe glorious Appearance, our two Princes advanc'd, and ſaluted them; no words could they utter, becauſe their Tongues, by the power of Love, were devoted to Silence, but all that paſſed were Vollies of Sighs; which redoubling, each other ſtrove which ſhould firſt unite each others Heart with the ſympathy of Affection. But in ſhort, and in a Moment, they heard in the Palace a great Noiſe, as if all the Court had been in an Uproar; which ſo amazed them, that they knew not how to ſave themſelves, nor where to convey their Ladies: till at laſt *Thalmeno* knowing their Eſtate deſperate, and perceiving it now behoved him to caſt at all, either to loſe his own Life, or his dear *Athelia*, whom he eſteem'd far more precious; re-aſſuming his Courage, he to his trembling Aſſociates ſaid as followeth.

'Prince *Plivio*, this is no Time for us to
'dally with, therefore with undaunted
'Courage lead forth your Lady, and if
'any preſume to ſtop your Paſſage, in-
'ſtantly ſheath your Sword in the perfidi-
'ous Slaves Breaſt; and without prolixi-
'ty ſend his ſervile Soul to the Common-
'wealth of *Pluto*, for a meritorious Sacri-
'fice: And you illuſtrious Ladies, fear no

'thing

'thing; for your Virtues are a ſufficient 'Bulwark for your Preſervation.

Which ſaid, they went hand in hand, without finding any to reſiſt 'em; and finding the Porter in his Lodge aſleep, privately took from him the Keys of the Palace; when unbolting the outward Gate, they without making any noiſe iſſued forth, where they found their Pages, each with a Horſe attending them. Glad of this News, taking their Ladies behind them, they immediately mounted, and with ſpeed gallop'd through the Streets; where in a ſhort Time having paſt both Town and Suburbs, they at laſt began to conſider what Courſe to take; fearing that w en the King miſſing the Princeſs, he ſhould with all poſſible Celerity make ſpeed for their Apprehenſion, they finally reſolv'd to go through the Woods and Foreſts, the better to ſhelter them from the Sight of any which ſhould preſume to follow 'em: by virtue of which Reſolution, they made that Night ſuch ſpeed, that before Morning they found themſelves very near twenty Leagues from the Court. The next Morning as they were ſwiftly riding by a Foreſts ſide, through the Branches they eſpy'd a very pleaſant Cottage; which both

Athelia and *Merſilvia* deſirous to enter, requeſted their Princes to alight and accompany them, who glad in any thing that might procure their Ladies refreſhment, thereunto condeſcended; ſo leaving their Pages with their Horſes, they enter the Foreſt, directing their way to the Cottage; where they were no ſooner arriv'd, but thinking to find ſome Shepherdeſs, inſtead thereof, beheld a very beautiful young Man, who ſeemed to be overcome with Grief, ſitting very ſorrowfully ſlumbering on a green Bank, having a Book, Pen, Ink and Paper cloſe by him; and hearing the Sound of their Voices, rouſing up his Spirits, came and ſaluted them.

'Renowned Knights, and fair Ladies:
' Admire not at my Sorrows, nor wonder
' at my Diſconſolateneſs; for it is pow-
' erful *Fortune* which hath inveſted me
' with this miſerable Calamity; but to
' extirpate his Tyranny, and to triumph
' over his Uſurpation, I have here folita-
' rily retir'd myſelf to this Grove, to live,
' though not ſo well contented as I could
' wiſh, yet ſo well pleas'd as one in my
' Eſtate can receive; my rural Cottage af-
' fords no Dainties, but Poverty; yet ſuch
' as it is, if you pleaſe to accept, I ſhall

render

'render myſelf moſt fortunate, and in 'whatever it comes ſhort of your Expe-'ctation, I will ſupply in freeneſs of Ser-'vice and Thanks.

Our Princes and Ladies perceiving his good Humour, and the nature of his kind Proffers, thinking themſelves far indebted to his Bounty, Prince *Palmo* very friendly return'd him this Anſwer.

'Sir, the Friendſhip which in our Tra-'vels you are pleaſed to afford us, are of 'that extent, that we find ourſelves ſo far 'in Arrears, that we abſolutely confeſs 'our Weakneſs to be ſuch, as our Tongues 'cannot at preſent repay you with a juſt 'Recompence for your unmerited Fa-'vours; nevertheleſs, according to the 'Actions of Reaſon, and Rules of Amity, 'we return you very hearty Thanks for 'this your extraordinary Humanity, aſſu-'ring you, that if ever any favourable 'ſubject preſents, wherein, in Honour we 'may partly reraliate your Civility, you 'ſhall find us generally ſo willing, as 'the Effects thereof ſhall noways tax us of 'Ingratitude.

Which was no ſooner pronounc'd, but the Stranger taking the two Ladies by the Hands, requeſted them, and the two Prin-

ces to enter his Hermitage; where he presented them with a Banquet of dry'd Figs, Dates, and Apricock, with other Fruits, as that Country did afford; which being ended, he ask'd the Ladies if they would pleaſe to recreate themſelves in the Garden; the which they very thankfully accepted of; ſo the Princes leading them, and the Stranger ſhewing the way, forth they went; where paſſing through a fragrant Walk, beſet with Fir-Trees, they at laſt attain'd the Entrance of the Garden; where they were no ſooner arriv'd, but the two Princeſſes after having view'd the odoriferous Flowers, and the fragrant Herbs, they to avoid the Sun's brightneſs, and heat, with as much Celerity as Modeſty would permit, betook themſelves to the Bowers, where their beloved Princes with divine Salutes and Compliments, congratulated them their happy Welcome: the Stranger viewing their innocent Familiarity, immediately wept, as if thoſe heavenly Objects had ſome regal Prerogative to command his Tears; but to drive away his Sorrows which his Paſſion had created, he went to his Cottage, and returning ſpeedily, brought with him an harmonious Lute; the which after having tun'd, joining his excellent Voice, he ſung theſe Lines. *Wake*

Wake all ye dead, what ho! what ho!
How soundly they sleep whose Pillows lie low:
They mind not poor Lovers that walk above,
On the Decks of the World, in Storms of Love;
No whispering now, nor glance can pass,
Through Wicket, or through Panes of Glass:
The Windows and Doors are shut up and barr'd
They lie close in th' Church & in the Churchyard:
In every Grave make room, make room,
For the World's at an end, and I come, I come.

The State is now Love's Foe, Love's Foe,
Has seiz'd on his Arms, his Quiver and his Bow,
He has pinion'd his Wings and fetter'd his Feet,
Because he made way for poor Lovers to meet,
But oh sad Fate! his Judge was old,
Hearts cruel are when Blood grows cold.
No Man being young, his Process could draw;
Oh Heav'ns that Love should be Subject to Law.
Let Lovers go woo the dead, the dead,
Lie two in a Grave, and two in a Bed.

No sooner had he ended these Lines, but he instantly began afresh to weep, and so determining to assuage his Sorrows, with a Complemint he presently departed, walking a distance from them in a fair Summer-house; the which our Royal Couples

perceiving, began immediately to ſurmiſe that he was in love with ſome cruel Lady, whoſe rigorous Repulſe was the Motive of his Paſſion; but pondering on his Grief by their own Sorrows, and his Diſconſolateneſs by their own late Diſtemper, they all bewail'd his Misfortune, and compaſſionated his Affliction; lamenting that ever their Arrival ſhould renew his Grief, or bring that afreſh into his Memory which proved his Torment. At length *Athelia* and *Merſilva* roſe up, which *Thalmeno* and *Palmo* no ſooner perceiv'd, but they followed them; where paſſing along by a ſtately Pine-Tree, they upon the Bark thereof eſpy'd ſome Characters to be curiouſly carv'd, and approaching near, they read theſe Words.

[The Idea of *Florina* ſhall never depart my Memory.]

Which Characters peruſing, and pondering what the Lady therein mention'd might be, they immediately went and advertis'd *Thalmeno* and *Palmo*, who were walking at ſome diſtance, who not a little admiring to hear the Name of *Florina* there decypher'd, began to conjecture that he might be Prince *Medor*: in reſpect whereof, to ſatisfie their ardent Deſire, they with

with their Ladies went towards him, where being entred the Bower, *Thalmeno* deliver'd himſelf in theſe Words.

'Sir, I beſeech you in Friendſhip to 'certifie to me, whether you are acquain-'ted with the Princeſs *Florina*, Daughter 'unto the King of *Numidia*; and alſo whe-'ther you know Prince *Medor*, Son unto 'the King of *Biaſava*.

The Stranger no ſooner heard pronounced the ſacred Name of *Florina*, but he inſtantly fell to the Ground; when cloſing his Eyes, one would have thought he reſolv'd as then to take his Farewel of the World: the which our Princeſſes no ſooner beheld, but they ſo employ'd their beſt skill, that in a ſhort time he recover'd; and raiſing himſelf, he in a ſighing manner breath'd out theſe Words.

'Ah *Florina!* whoſe Name infuſeth 'Life to my weak Senſes: then fetching a deep Sigh, ſaid, 'Moſt Generous Knights 'and beautiful Ladies, I have had the 'Happineſs to be acquainted with the Prin-'ceſs *Florina*, and am that unfortunate *Me-'dor* which you enquire for; unfortunate I 'may well declare, in being abſent from '*Florina*, the Memory of whoſe Divine 'Beauty hath this many Months been

'the Goddeſs of my Devotions; there-
'fore I beſeech you, if you can give me
'any Information of that worthy Perſon,
'I would beg you in all Humanity to eaſe
'my Mind; and to congratulate your Ci-
'vility, I will for ever remain your affe-
'ctionate Servant.

To which *Thalmeno* reply'd, 'Prince
'*Medor*, as you have with that Civility
'received us, ſo I will no longer conceal
'from you thoſe which are your Debtors;
'I am *Thalmeno*, Son and Heir to the
'King of *Cicilia*, and this Prince my Cou-
'ſin, Son to the King of *Egypt*; who
'ſome two Years ſince reſolv'd to Travel,
'having departed from my Father's Court,
'directing our Courſe to *Africa*, and Jour-
'nying three Days alone being deſtitute
'of a Guide, and unskilful of the Country,
'by misfortune ſtray'd into an unknown
'Deſart; but *Fortune* willing to intermix
'our bitter Sorrows with ſome Pleaſures,
'conducted us fortunately to a beautiful
'Caſtle, which entring, we found the Prin-
'ceſs *Florina* thereof the deſolate Inha-
'bitant, who having forſaken her Fa-
'ther's Court, vow'd to remain, until
'the joyful Return of your Princely ſelf;
'therefore Prince *Medor*, if you pleaſe

'to

'to Honour us with your good Com
'pany, we are bound for *Cicilia*, and
'immediately upon our Arrivals, with
'leave of the Powers Divine, we will
'conduct you to the melancholy Place of
'her ſolitary Retirement.

Prince *Medor* being very well pleaſed with this fortunate News, very freely accepted of their Proffer, and promis'd to accompany them; and with ſo chearful a Countenance, that in his mortiferous Spirit it ſeem'd the abſent Idea of *Florina* had infuſed exact Vitality: but at laſt fixing his Eyes upon the ſweet Object of the Ladies Beauty, and pondering on his divine *Florina*, he earneſtly demanded of *Thalmeno* who thoſe beautiful Ladies were, and what private Occaſion induced them to Travel: who related to him the whole Circumſtance of their Proceedings, and of their Deſire to Travel to *Cicilia*; He thereupon having Complimented them in a very high manner, voluntarily proffered to conduct them through the Vineyards, and Champion Countries to the Sea-ſide; the Princes and Ladies being very well pleaſed, prepared inſtantly to depart, where they were no ſooner arriv'd, but Prince *Medor*

very

very fortunately met with a Ship of War of *Madagaſcar*, which belonging to Duke *Alphonſo* his Uncle, was by tempeſtuous Weather and contrary Winds forc'd there to take Harbour. Glad of this unexpected Opportunity, they immediately contracted a Bargain with the Maſter for their Paſſage, and with a favourable Wind they ſailed for *Cicilia*. They remained ſo long on the Seas, that after many tempeſtuous Storms, they at laſt ſafely attain'd *Gibralter*, the Entrance of the *Mediterranean* Streights; and ſo with Joy keeping on their Courſe for the deſir'd Iſland of *Cicilia*, they were towards Night very quietly becalmed, in ſuch a manner, that their Ship made no way, but only floated upon the Face of *Neptune*, according as the ſlackneſs of the Current drave her; ſo that at laſt keeping good Watch; as the third Glaſs was in election to be finiſhed, the Maſter walking aloft upon the ſpare Deck, heard the noiſe of Oars plowing in the Entrails of *Thetis*; whereat reſolving to prevent the worſt, he mounted the Main Shrowds, directing ſtill his Eyes by his Ears, ſo long, till at laſt he eſpy'd a very ſtout Galley ſwiftly making towards them: at which unlook'd for

for Accident, he with his ſilver Whiſtle alarm'd the whole Company in the Ship, who quitting their Hammocks, mounted the upper Deck, admiring exceedingly what this unaccuſtom'd Accident meant; but the Maſter ſhewing them the occaſion, they inſtantly with Heroical Reſolutions, fetch'd forth their Muskets, and provided all Things which might be any ways neceſſary for a Combat: amongſt the reſt, the Maſter Gunner burning with deſire to ſhew ſome Experience of his Praiſe-worthy Art, requeſted the Captain to permit him to make a ſhot or two towards them: whereat condeſcending, a couple of half Pieces of Ordnance were provided, and diſcharged off with ſuch Fury, that it not only made a Maſſacre amongſt the miſerable Slaves, but alſo at ſo ſudden a motion made the Commanders themſelves tremble, in ſuch a manner, as forced them to pull in their Oars, let down their Sails, and to ſtand upon their Guards: which the Maſter perceiving, and knowing they would linger till the next Day, having appointed each his Place, and in his Abſence gave the chief Officers their Charge, he immediately went down to the Cabin, to comfort our almoſt comfortleſs Lovers,

who

who alas! lay in a posture of Despair; for they no sooner heard the Report of the Shot, but they generally thought it came from some near harbouring Enemy; they were all in an Extasie of Sorrow, blaming *Fortune* for his Frowns, and exclaiming against their Miseries: Which the Master perceiving, comforted them in the best manner he could, and advis'd them to be cheerful; adding moreover, that there was no Danger, and in the Morning he did not doubt of being Conqueror: whereupon our three Princes comforted their two sorrowful Ladies, who began to doubt of their own, and the Princes Safeties; which created many Tears that distilled down their Cheeks; which our Princes perceiving, and being very eager to purchase their Freedom, solemnly departed the Cabin, and thrust themselves amongst the Mariners; whom most Couragiously they animated with such Exhortations, that they generally protested to Sacrifice their Lives, for the Establishing of their Tranquillities. So that when Night was expired, and Day began to draw near, our Masters and Princes so ordered their Affairs, that the Flags and Streamers were abroad playing with the Wind, and

all

all things ready in their proper Order; the Maſter upon the Poop with his Silver Sword, to wheaſe them to the Lee-ward, and the Trumpets ready at the Beck, to ſound the firſt On-ſet: On the contrary Part, the Galley ſported herſelf in the Pride of her Warlike Jollity, and with a valorous Reſolution came towards them; when inſtantly the Wind began to afreſh, our Maſter, by the conſent of the three Princes, went by their ſhort Sails within Cannon-ſhot, reſolving to attend their coming, and with Honour to fight it out: The which the Galley-Slaves perceiving, began to cry, *Victoria*, thinking that they had already yielded. But, alas! they were deceived of their Hopes; for thinking to Board them, the Ship in a moment poured in her ſmall Shot, as thick as Hail, and therewithal gave ſuch a Broad-ſide, which in the Galley made ſuch a rattling Thunder, that their Rails, Penets, yea, Hatches, and all began to advance to the Skies: There might you have ſeen ſome dangerouſly wounded, which lay gaſping their laſt; ſome already ſlain, imbruing themſelves in their Fellows Blood; and ſome, whoſe Heads flying from their Bodies, went to advertiſe their Friends of their woful Tragedies. The

The Captain and Commanders of the Galley, raging at the unexpectedneſs of receiving ſo hot an Entertainment, diſdaining to die in their Debts, bad their Gunners give Fire; wnere betwixt them was ſo furious a Fight, that it was hard to judge on which Side Victory would incline: But when the fatal Day was almoſt finiſhed, where in many had loſt their Lives, the Galley moſt dangerouſly received ſuch a Shot between Wind and Water, that all within it made a hideous Cry; which our Princes underſtanding, inſtantly conceived ſome Hopes of a Victory; whereupon they afreſh let fire their Cannon, which made ſuch Breaches in the Galley, that they ſeeing no hope whereon to rely, immediately yielded: Which our Princes and Company perceiving, for ſudden Joy gave a great Shout for the Conqueſt of ſo Famous a Victory; when inſtantly they hoiſted out their Shallop, and were in great Parley, which of them ſhould go Commander: *Thalmeno* he willingly offer'd his Service, and *Palmo* he vow'd not to ſtay behind; but Prince *Medor*, ſeeing his Aſſociates in Contention ſtept in, and furiouſly proteſted they ſhould both ſtay

with

with their Ladies, for he would only go Maſter of the Ship. They hearing of his voluntary Reſolution, gave Sentence he ſhould: Whereupon, with a Noiſe of Trumpets, away went Prince *Medor*, and *Thalmeno* and *Palmo* returned down to the Cabin, where their Ladies came reciprocally to congratulate them of their great and fortunate Victory; where ſo joyful a meeting betwixt them was demonſtrated, that their Minds, which before ſwam in the Ocean of Deſpair, did now float upon the Waves of Pleaſantneſs; for their pale Complexions were metamorphos'd to cherry Countenances; and their mournful Eyes which were almoſt drown'd in Tears, did now clear up with Vivacity; and in ſhort, all receiv'd ſuch Satisfaction, as my abrupt Pen cannot delineate. Prince *Medor* being now near the Galley, at laſt very reſolutely entred with his Men, without finding any Oppoſition; who ſeeing they were all hid, by ſound of Trumpet commanded their Appearance; who came forth in a trembling manner, and ſeeing their Enemies with their Swords drawn, immediately fell on their Faces and deſired Pardon: Upon which ſubmiſſion,

miſſion, Prince *Medor* Commanded his Men, that upon pain of Death, not to hurt them, either in Body or Goods: Which the Captain underſtanding, came forth and begg'd his Life, which Prince *Medor* inſtantly granted: Whereupon after he was inform'd whence the Galley came, and to whom it belong'd, he to the Prince addreſs'd himſelf in theſe Words,

'Although it grieves me, Couragious 'Knight, to be conquer'd by any, yet ſince 'my Fortune muſt needs endure the frowns 'of War, I rejoyce in my Happineſs to 'become Tributary to ſo worthy a Perſon; 'therefore, Noble Sir, ſince you have with 'ſuch Heroical voluntarineſs ſpared our 'Lives, I muſt acquaint you, that with-'in this next Cabin, there is reſident a 'virtuous Lady, whom *Fortune* hath 'made our Priſoner; her Extraction I 'know not, but if outward Deportment 'do's deſcrib inward Qualities, I preſume 'ſheis ſome Perſon of noble Deſcent; her 'Behaviour, though in Adverſity, is ſuch, 'thatasſhecarriesher perplexity,with a mo-'deſt Countenance, ſo ſhe Diſdains to 'render herſelf Tributary to the Infide-'lity of *Fortune*.

Prince

Prince *Medor* no ſooner underſtood this unexpected News, but burning with Deſire to know what this Lady might be, very friendly commanded the Captain to bring him to her Preſence; where he was no ſooner arrived, but he beheld this doleful Lady imbathing herſelf in Tears, lying proſtrate on the Ground with her Viſage over-veil'd, and being as it were in a Lethargy; thinking that the firſt that entred was the Harbinger of Death, and the inhumane Inſtrument of her untimely Martyrdom: But behold, it fell out otherwiſe; for when ſhe expected he would ſheath his Sword in her innocent Breaſt, why even then he took her by the Lilly hand, and with an amiable Voice uttered theſe Words.

'Ariſe, fair Lady! for your Life and 'Liberty is granted you: Whereat in a Moment, as being acquainted with the Voice, ſhe ſtarted, and perceived it was Prince *Medor* which pronounced that welcome Sentence, being tranſported with an extraordinary Paſſion, ſhe fell into a Trance Prince *Medor* perceiving this tragical unexpected Accident, failed not to employ his beſt Endeavour for her Recovery; and ſo thinking to raiſe her up,

by

by chance the Veil falling from her beautiful Face, he perceived it to be his fair *Florina*; but being aſtoniſh'd, he doubted the ſincerity of his Eyes, whilſt a ſecond ſurview of her Perſon confirm'd his Belief, and finding her to be eſſentially his unlook'd for *Florina*, with a ſwift Reſolution advancing his Pace, he with open Arms went and embrac'd her; where ſo delightful a Meeting was betwixt them demonſtrated, that from ſo pleaſing a Solace it was meer Sacriledge to ſeparate them: Prince *Medor* reflecting upon the Divine Object of *Florina*'s Beauty, he ſo found his Mind devoted to ſilence, that the review of her cherry Countenance wrapped up his Senſes in an Extaſie of Contentation, which forc'd him into a Trance: the which *Florina* perceiving, melting as it were into Tears of Sorrow, with her fair Hands began to corroborate his Temples; ſo that her ſovereign Breath infuſing Vitality to his ſickly Senſes, made him again re-aſſume his wonted Courage, when inviting his wandring Tongue to diſplay the Secrets of his wavering Mind, taking *Florina* by her Alablaſter Hand, he pronounc'd theſe Words.

'Dear

'Dear *Florina*, might I finiſh my days 'in thy Embraces, or now ſacrifice the re-'mainder of my Life before thy Di-'vine Deity, I ſhould not only account 'myſelf favour'd of the Saints in afford-'ing me ſuch good Fortune, but alſo e-'ſteem my Enterprizes more than happy, 'in being ratify'd by the Synod of the 'Gods themſelves: but dear *Florina*, ſince 'the bleſſed ſight of thy heavenly ſelf have 'ſo freed me from the Chains of Bondage, 'and from the Fetters of Deſpair, I here 'preſent you with my Service, Conſtancy, 'and Fidelity; and as I have long ſince 'dedicated myſelf to your divine Beauty, 'ſo I reſolve to live and die your faithful, 'and never wavering Servant to the end,

Medor.

Which Heavenly Speeches *Florina* no ſooner heard, but overſhadowing her Lilly Cheeks with a Crimſon die; having im-bath'd her tender Mind in Love, and her Reſolutions in Affection, ſhe in her deli-cate Hand taking her Handkerchief to wipe away thoſe pearled Tears from her lovely Countenance, with an amiable, yet ſorrowful Voice, ſhe return'd him this Anſwer.

'Dear

'Dear Prince *Medor*, were I acquainted 'with that friendly God which ratified 'thy Freedom, or with that favourable 'Saint which reconducted thee to my 'Presence: my sincere Congratulation 'should display itself with what Constan-'cy I attended your coming, and now 'with what Amity I honour thy Arrival: 'therefore welcome Dear Prince to thy 'sorrowful *Florina*, and Millions of Thanks 'to gracious *Mars* for investing me Cap-'tive to so fortunate a Conqueror. Since 'thy Departure I have lived most comfort-'less, yet in enjoying once more thy Pre-'sence, I now bury the Memory of all 'former Griefs in the Grave of Oblivion; 'invincible Affection hath so captivated 'my Spirits, and conquered my Senses, 'that only I now live to respect dear *Me-'dor*, and in spight of all *Fortune*'s Effects, 'resolve to die in the Lague of his de-'sired Friendship.

The Prince pondering upon her affecti-onate Words, not able to contain such ar-dent Expressions, cry'd out, 'Ah Dear '*Florina*! whose sight infuses Vitality 'to my amazing Senses; banish now from 'thy Breast the Memory of Sorrow, and 'let Contentment flourish in thy Mind;

'for

'for now before the Shrine of thy ſacred 'ſelf, upon the Altar of Fidelity, *Medor* 'preſents thee with ſo compleat a Portion 'of undaunted Friendſhip, as you can 'any ways deſire, or the Gods diſtribute; 'and Dear *Florina*, ſince Fortune hath ſo 'ordain'd it, that now contrary to my Ex-'pectation, you are made my happy Pri-'ſoner, know Empreſs of my Thoughts, and 'Angel of my Imaginations; that in 'moſt honourable Company I am bound 'for *Cicilia*, where as ſoon as arrive, I 'will moſt willingly ſolemnize our Nup-'tials, and ratifie my beautiful *Florina* 'to be the ſole Governeſs of my Breaſts ex-'pectations.

Florina no ſooner heard the Harmony of his Speeches, but ſaid, 'Think not 'dear *Medor*, that having long ſince De-'voted myſelf yours, I will now Repent 'me of my Enterprize, but rather I be-'ſeech you conſider, at leaſt, if my Pray-'ers may gain Acceptance in our Amity, 'that *Florina* eſteems the Seal of our Nup-'tials, to be the entrance of her Fortuna-'cy, and the uniting of our Affections, the 'very Quinteſſence of her Felicity; there-'fore I beſeech you delay no time, but ra-'ther advance thy Enterprize; to the

'end,

'end, that Prince *Medor* receiving the 'chief ſolace of his Breaſt, *Florina* may re-'ciprocally enjoy the deſir'd Object of her 'immortal Affections.

To which the Prince reply'd. 'Why 'then my fair *Florina* make ready for thy 'Departure; to the end that I may in-'form my Princely Aſſociates of our 'Happineſs, and ſo proſecute our Voy-'age to *Cicilia*. To *Cicilia*; ſaid *Florina*; and then the pearled Tears trickl'd down her Vermillion Cheeks; which *Medor* perceiving, deſir'd her to let him know the occaſion of that ſudden Paſſion. To which ſhe reply'd, 'Since I firſt heard you re-'peat the Name of *Cicilia*, my preſent 'Joys doth afreſh put me in Mind of 'my former Miſeries. For, Dear Prince, 'having for thy ſake ſequeſtred myſelf 'from all Company, and built up my Re-'ſidence in a deſolate Caſtle; there unex-'pectediy arriv'd two Foreign Knights 'from *Cicilia*, who in reward of ſome 'ſmall Favour I afforded them, proteſted 'very ſolemnly to reſearch thee out, at 'leaſt if the Confines of *Africa* did con-'tain thee. Prince *Medor* reply'd, 'And 'have you not ſince heard of their Ad-'venturous Proceedings? No, reply'd

'*Florina*,

'*Florina*, which much troubles me, in re-
'ſpect, they were Compaſſionate of my
'Sorrows, and Admirers of my Affecti-
'ons. Thus with much pleaſant Diſcourſe
they deluded the Time, till *Florina* ruſh'd
out of her Cabin, and taking him by the
Hand, ſaid, 'Come dear Prince, let us de-
'part from hence, and Crown our Miſeries
'with the Triumph of Content; *Fortune*
'you know is variable, therefore let us
'ſlip no Time, while Opportunity doth
'preſent; only this I do requeſt of you,
'that theſe miſerable Slaves, who by
'your Conquering Valour are made Cap-
'tives, may without Prejudice to them-
'ſelves or Goods, have free Permiſſion to
'depart ſafely.

Prince *Medor* highly Commending her for projecting ſo Charitable a Virtue, very freely thereunto condeſcended, and ſo diſmiſſing his Priſoners, he Commanded his Shallop to be made ready, and with a noiſe of Trumpets chearfully departed: but long he floated not on the Surges of *Thetis*, till a favourable Gale re-conducted him ſafe to his Ship, where entring and enquiring for the Princes; Anſwer was inſtantly made him, that they were in the Cabin, recreating the Ladies with Mu-

ſick; whereupon leaving *Florina* for a while in another Cabin, he went to the Princes and Ladies, to participate of their exquiſite Harmony: The which, *Thalmeno* and *Palmo* no ſooner perceiv'd, but laying their Inſtruments aſide, each particularly with his Lady, went and congratulated his ſafe Return, asking him the News of his Succeſs: To which he reply'd, 'Princes and Ladies, inſtead of a 'rich Prize, I have met with an ineſti-'mable Jewel the valuation whereof can-'not be caſt up by the whole induſtrious 'Science of Arithmetick, nor by the no-'ble Art of *Algebra*. No, reply'd *Athelia* 'and *Merſilva*, why then we believe you 'have taken all the Mint of *Mexico*, or elſe 'ingroſs'd the Minerals of *Peru*, Indeed 'Ladies, *reply'd the Prince*, that I have 'not, and yet I divinely rejoyce in 'poſſeſſing ſo ſacred a Preſent. Where-unto *Palmo* and *Thalmeno* reply'd, 'Then 'we believe, Prince *Medor*, you have re-'ceiv'd ſome Information of the Princeſs 'Florina, or elſe ſeen the reſembling Idea 'of her Beautiful Perfections. The Prince hearing the Divine Name of his *Florina* repeated, could not refrain producing ſome Smiles; ſo ſtepping to the

Cabin

Cabin where he had left her, taking her by the Hand, he preſented her to the whole Company; at which *Thalmeno* and *Palmo* reflecting their Obſervations upon her Angelical Beauty, preſently conjectured her to be the admired *Florina*; but not able to ratifie their ſuſpected Aſſurance, looking one on the other, durſt not adventure to congratulate her by the Name of *Florina*; on the other ſide *Florina* fixing the Influence of her Speculation upon their Aſpects, immediately judged them to be *Thalmeno* and *Palmo*; but at laſt, after many Obſervations, *Thalmeno* began to believe, that it was abſolutely fair *Florina*; upon which, kiſſing her Hand, he congratulated her.

'Madam, you are Thrice welcome to 'joyful *Thalmeno*. And Millions of Thanks 'to kind *Fortune*, who inveſting my Eyes 'with the Object of ſuch unexpected Happineſs! *Florina* hereat colouring her Cheeks with a Crimſon Bluſh, return'd him this Anſwer.

'Thanks, Noble Prince, for your Heroi-'cal Goodneſs, and more than fortunate 'am I, to be the eſſential Subject of your 'Favours. Prince *Palmo* here interrupt-

ing her, went likewiſe and kiſſed her fair hand, and congratulated her; where betwixt theſe three Majeſticks of Affection, ſuch joyful Expreſſions of Friendſhip was repeated, that *Athelia* and *Merſilva* ſitting attentively in a Corner, (unſeen of *Florina*) admired what this unlook'd for Object was; for firſt entertaining ſome Sparks of Jealouſie, they conjectur'd this beautiful Favourite was come on purpoſe to fruſtrate their Expectations: but inſtantly ballancing the Fidelity of their Princes by their own Affections, they both thought in point of Friendſhip, and to ſatisfie their Curioſity, to advance and congratulate her: but Prince *Medor* ſtanding at ſome diſtance, and conjecturing by the change of their Countenances, that their Thoughts were in ſome diſorder, interrupted them in this manner.

'Fair Princeſſes, To be impartial, this 'fine Lady which is here preſented to 'your Eyes, is my admired *Florina*, whom 'I honour and adore, as the Goddeſs of 'my Felicity. *Athelia* and *Merſilva* hearing this, and infuſing into their Minds the unlook'd for Event of this happy Accident, demonſtrating by their ſmiling Aſpects, that their Hearts were inwardly filled

filled with Joy and Gladneſs, return'd him this Anſwer.

'Prince *Medor* we heartily congratulate 'you, and do exceedingly rejoyce, that 'the Celeſtial Deity hath crown'd all our 'Affections, after our Sorrows; and that 'Fortune hath ſmiled upon you, in the 'happy Arrival of your Divine *Florina!* Whereupon, they each of them ſaluted her, and congratulated her happy Welcome. Many affectionate Sighs, ſweet Smiles, and piercing Countenances were on each ſide, with Demonſtrations of Joy for Prince *Medor*'s and the Lady *Florina*'s happy Meeting. And now having finiſhed their Congratulations, they wiſhed themſelves ſafely landed upon the Shores of *Cicilia*; the which the Maſter of the Ship perceiving, failed not to the utmoſt of his power to ſhorten their Sea-faring Voyage: ſo that hoiſting one more Sail, and plowing through the Entrails of the Sea, they at laſt in a radiant Day very fortunately eſpied the Coaſts of *Cicilia*: which the Maſter perceiving, went immediately and advertiſed our Royal Company of this fortunate News; which no ſooner was reported to them, but inſtantly leaving their amorous Diſcourſe, they

very chearfully, being deſirous of that long wiſh'd for Sight, mounted the Upper Deck, by which time the Wind continually freſhing, they were almoſt approaching the Shore; the Proſpect of which ſo reviv'd their ſickly Senſes, that Prince *Thalmeno* at laſt ſeeing the Ship at an Anchor, commanded the Boatſwain to ſet them on Shore.

In which time the three Princeſſes went to their Cabinets, and adorn'd themſelves in a very rich manner, that they rather reſembled Celeſtial Nymphs, than Humane Beauties, and ſacred Queens than Terreſtrial Princeſſes. The happy Hour of their Departure being come, hand in hand, like Saints of Felicity, they ruſhed forth, preſenting themſelves to their Princes; who attending their Arrival, receiv'd them with extraordinary Demonſtrations of Joy: Then generally taking leave of their Company, and the Shallop being ready, they moſt gallantly departed; at whoſe Farewell, the Maſter gave ſuch a thundering Volley of Ordnance, that the rebounding Eccho thereof drave the harbouring *Cicilians* into an affrightment; preſuppoſing that ſome foreign Enemy was come to Invade them, that in whole Troops they

directed

directed their Courſe to the Sea-ſide; upon whoſe obdurate Sands with Drums beating and Colours flying, they attended their Landing.

Our Princes perceiving this unexpected warlike Aſſembly, could not imagine the Occaſion of this Hoſtility; but to prevent the worſt, they commanded a Flag of Truce to be demonſtrated, and ſo drew near the Shore: Which the *Cicilians* eſpying, they deſired to know of what Country they were, and what this unaccuſtomed Alarm meant, and go advanced to prevent their Landing. But Prince *Thalmeno* not minding their flouriſhing Bravado, commanded the Boatſwain to ſet 'em on Shore: which no ſooner was effected, but they congratulated their Ladies ſafe Arrival, and each taking his Lady by the Hand, they very couragiouſly went forwards. The *Cicilians* thought to have had ſome hot Skirmiſh, but inſtead thereof, meeting with this weak Company, they dragg'd their Enſigns with Laughter in the Duſt, which before were diſplay'd in the Air. The chief Commanders, out of Curioſity, deſir'd to learn what this Tragi-Comedy meant, advanced their Pace towards our Royal Company;

where glancing their Eyes upon the Beauty of the Ladies, they at laſt fix'd their Eyes upon the Princes, and apparently perceived their Sovereign young Prince *Thalmeno*, to be there preſent: At which unexpected Sight, they threw away their Weapons of War, and went and proſtrated themſelves at his Feet. Which Prince *Thalmeno* perceiving, after having gratified their loyal affectionate Humility, with Thanks, commanded them to muſter up their Forces, and ſo to accompany him, and his Princely Aſſociates to the Palace. Which News was no ſooner noiſed amongſt the Camp, but they were all ready at their Arms, and gallantly march'd forwards; the King by this time was advertiſed of the welcome News of the Prince his Son's Arrival, and inſtantly commanded three ſtately rich Coaches to be ſent, to conduct him, and his Royal Companions to the Court; which was done with ſuch ſpeed, that in a ſhort Time they drew near the Suburbs of *Meſſina*, which being the Capital City of *Cicilia*, was ſo adorned on both Sides the Way, with rich Tapeſtry Hangings on the Windows and Balconies, Cannons and Enſigns planted on the Bulwark and Towers,

ers, in ſo pleaſant a manner, that their outward Pomp was a Demonſtration of their inward Affections. The King his Father being certified of his near approach, accompanied with the Queen, and a great Concourſe of Ladies and Cavaliers, very Majeſtically went forth to meet them, where before the Port Royal, he was graciouſly received, in ſuch a manner, as befitted his Royalty; the Queen likewiſe embraced him, and with joyful Tears congratulated his Welcome. Having ended the Ceremony, with their beautiful Ladies, they in great Magnificence Rode on to the City, at whoſe joyful Entrance, the Loyal Inhabitants cauſed their Pieces of Ordnance to be diſcharged; the Streets alſo, as they paſs'd, were beautified with many ſtately Pageants; where to demonſtrate the Citizens voluntary Kindneſs, this Royal Company was feaſted with curious Banquets, preſented by Virgins of excellent Beauties: thus paſſing the Streets in Splendour, through a Lane of warlike young Men of the City, they at laſt arrived to the Palace, where a double Court of Guards, commanded by the chief Nobles of the Iſland, moſt famouſly received them.

Thalmeno having given the King his Father an Account of his Proceedings, and likewiſe of the virtuous Diſpoſitions of the three Angelical Ladies, but eſpecially of the Princeſs *Athelia*: The King willing to try the Experiment, whether ſhe were adorn'd with ſuch rare Perfections as his Son affirm'd, very privately invited her to a ſecret Conference: where entertaining her with ſundry intricate Queſtions, as well of Wit, as Loyalty; Love, as Modeſty; he at laſt found her ſo compleatly virtuous, that comparing her Ingenuity with her Princely Deſcent, he accounted himſelf happy to be endu'd with ſo gracious a Daughter, and his Son moſt fortunate in being bleſt with ſuch a Matchleſs Beauty. The Queen likewiſe obſerv'd her modeſt Deportment, and Princely Qualities to be ſo adorn'd with affable Demonſtratives of Goodneſs, that ſhe thought her not only to be a ſecond *Diana* for Modeſty and Chaſtity, but alſo an excellent *Calliope* for ingenious Curioſity.

Whereupon ſhe immediately thought that no greater Happineſs could attend her Son, than to be grac'd with ſo ſweet a Princeſs, ſo that the King and Queen both ſympathetically triumphing, could not

not be ſatisfy'd, until they had aſſign'd a Day to perform their Nuptials; which was not long prefixing, for the next Feſtival Day was appointed. Which heavenly News *Thalmeno* and *Athelia* no ſooner underſtood, but with many Millions of amorous rejoycings they attended the Hour wherein their Expectations ſhould be crown'd.

But to return to our other Princes and Ladies, who being inform'd of Prince *Thalmeno*'s fortunate Proceedings, wiſh'd themſelves the like Enjoyment: which *Thalmeno* perceiving, meaſuring their languiſhing Sickneſs by his own Diſtemper, went immediately to the King his Father, and humbly requeſted that his two Princely Companions might likewiſe under his gracious Favour, enjoy their virtuous Princeſſes: which he ſo authentickly Sollicited, that the King his Father to it ſoon condeſcended, and that one Day ſhould conſummate the general Triplicity of their Marriages.

This News was no ſooner related by *Thalmeno* to *Palmo*, Prince *Medor*, and the Princeſſes, but being extreamly well pleaſed, they heartily thank'd him for ſo great a Favour. While theſe Royal Lovers were

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with pleaſant Amours, beguiling the time, the King was very diligent in making preparations for their Solemnity; and the more to dignifie that day with Heroical Triumphs, he through his whole Iſland, by his Herald, commanded a Tilt and Tournament to be proclaim'd; whereunto not only the Nobles of his Dominions ſhould be welcome, but alſo all foreign Princes and Cavaliers whatſoever, might have free Acceſs. The Report whereof was no ſooner diſperſed through the neighbouring Nations, but to *Cicilia* came in great Numbers, many valorous Troops of magnanimous Martialiſts, ſo that at the Time appointed, as there wanted not Crouds of Spectators to behold the Triumphs, ſo there needed not innumerable of Cavaliers to ſatiſie their Expectations.

And now the joyful Day being come, which as the ingenious *Cicilians* did illuſtrate with Terreſtrial Bravery, ſo the Gods themſelves, in the Synod of their Reſolutions did determine to adorn it with Heavenly Beauty: For *Aurora* had no ſooner given the Night an overthrow, but ſplendant *Titan* began with his golden Rays to embelliſh the Day; when the Streets being hung with curious Tapeſtry,

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the Pageants adorned with gliſtering Art, and the Steeets ſtrewed with pleaſant Flowers; by many Kings, Queens, Lords and Ladies, theſe, our Royal Lovers, were moſt Majeſtically conducted to the Temple, where the Solemn Matrimonial Rites were Celebrated: then turning to the Palace, they were with ſumptuous Feaſts, curious Dances, and Sarabands, with ſtately Masks, and variety of Muſick, ſo extraordinarily Entertained, that the Deſcription thereof I cannot ſufficiently relate. The Day now being over-veil'd with obſcure Night, Summons theſe our amorous Lovers to their Bed-Chambers; where the Doors being ſhut, we will leave them to their amorous Pleaſures, and return to the next Day, wherein the Heroical Feats of Chivalry were to be accompliſhed.

The Morn was Fair, the Skies bright, the Wind calm, and *Phœbus* in his radiant Pavillion, delighted to Grace the Circumference of the Day, with his meridional Beauty: The Tilts being built, the Cavaliers ready, and the Herald prepared; let us a while leave the Court, and with Valour direct our Hiſtory to the Camp;

Camp; wherein a Gallery, Theatre-manner was so industriously built, that the Royal Assembly, and Beautiful Ladies, might at their Ease be Spectators, and in Safety sit Unprejudic'd of any. Now to begin with the Articles projected for Tilting, it was thus ordained,

'That the *Cicilians* should Answer all 'Comers.

Whereupon by the King's Command, the Herald sounded to the Combate; when instantly a *Cicilian* Knight, gallantly Mounted, entred the Lift, was presently met by a Warlike *Hungarian*, who at the first Encounter, lodging his Launce in his Enemy's Breast, very valorously unhors'd him; to revenge whose Infamy, another *Cicilian* saluting the King, fetching his Career, galloped within the Lists, which, as the first, was by the *Hungarian* in a moment vanquished. The King astonish'd hereat, by his Royal Page, sent the Conqueror a Present; and so extolling highly his Valour, commanded two fresh Champions to be admitted; which instantly was accomplish'd: but

wavering

wavering *Fortune* reſolv'd for a Time to ſmile on the ſtrange Cavaliers, did by the inſtinct of her Influence, continually afford them Victory; ſo that of twenty *Civilian* Champions, which Encountred that Day, not one remained Conqueror, but all to their immortal Shame, return'd Vanquiſh'd. The whole Aſſembly admiring hereat, could not refrain from Aſtoniſhment; the which the King remarking, inſtantly commanded the Triumphs for that Day to break off, and ſo the general Aſſembly departed. The Rumour of this was noiſed abroad, and almoſt in the Court no other News, but the Vanquiſhing of the *Civilians*. Our three young Princes, *Thalmeno*, *Palmo* and *Medor*, much incens'd to ſee their Aſſociates defeated, animating their Breaſts with Honour, Fame and Magnanimity; they at laſt reſolv'd, next Morning privately in Perſon, in deſpight of all the Effects of *Fortune*, to maintain the Combate: Upon which Determination, they went to the King's Armoury, and choſe each of them a ſet of very rich Armour, imboſs'd with fix'd Stars, and Roſes of fine Gold; and the better to bring about their Deſigns, they under-hand ſo ſecretly

wrought

wrought with the King, that the next Morning, to decide the Combat, there ſhould be, on each ſide Elected three Champions, whereof, whoſoever remained Conqueror, ſhould be inveſted with the *Olympian* Garland of Victory.

Whereupon *Aurora* no ſooner appear'd in the Purple Sky, but the Drums traverſing the Streets advertiſed all, as well Natives as Foreigners of the King's intended Reſolutions, The *Cicilian* Knights not knowing of the three Princes Intentions, prepared themſelves for the Combate, and ſo likewiſe did the Strangers, amongſt whom they Elected three Magnanimous Princes, whoſe Names, anon, ſhall be related. In ſhort, the King, Queen, and three Princeſſes, with the reſt of the Nobility, were again ſeated in the Theatre, burning with Deſire, to know on which ſide *Fortune* would incline: The Herald no ſooner ſounded to the Combate, but three ſtrange Champions entred the Liſt, being gallantly Mounted in ſilver Armour, enamelled with Azure, their Plumes all white and blue, prefiguring Hope: On the contrary part, whilſt the *Cicilians* were in diſpute,

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which Three ſhould enter, three gallant Cavaliers, being *Cicilians*, unexpectedly arrived; richly mounted upon Snow-white Barbarian Courſers, Apparelled in green Armour, their Plumes crimſon and white, diſplaying the Beauty of their Ladies: The King and Company admiring who theſe unknown *Cicilians* were, commending their Valour, and Martial Dexterity, Commanded them for to begin.

The two foremoſt having paid their Obedience, giving Spurs to their Horſes, very valourouſly advanc'd; at which furious Encounter, they both ſo glorioufly behaved themſelves, that it was difficult to Cenſure whoſe ſide Victory did moſt favour; but at laſt, the *Cicilian* making a ſhort turn, planting his Launce in the Enemies Creſt, very gallantly bore him off the Saddle, to the no little rejoycing of the whole Aſſembly: The ſecond Stranger, not any ways Diſcouraged with his Companions Misfortune, very Couragiouſly, ſet forwards, who being by the next *Cicilian*, as bravely met, were both at firſt, very near Diſmounted; in which Triumphant Combate, having broken their Launces, they retir'd; but no

ſooner

ſooner were they furniſh'd by their Pages with freſh Launces, but giving Spurs to their Courſers, they again advanc'd, where the *Cicilian* ſo gallantly behav'd himſelf, that at the next Encounter, he forc'd both Horſe and Man to the Ground with ſuch fury, that the whole Aſſembly thought he had bid a final Adieu to the World: Which the third Champion perceiving, with an undaunted Reſolution gave Spurs to his Jennet; ſo the laſt *Cicilian* Knight ſeeing him approach, with a valorous Courage ran to encounter him; where betwixt theſe warlike Heroical Martialiſts ſo many Acts of Chivalry was demonſtrated, that the whole Aſſembly gave ſuch Expreſſions of Joy, at the viewing of ſo rare a Combate, that they were infinitely well pleas'd. But to conclude, as the Influence of Time giveth a full period to all ſublunar Accidents, ſo in the twinkling of an Eye, this ſtrange Cavalier was by the *Cicilian* Knight moſt famouſly vanquiſh'd, to the no little rejoycing of the Spectators; but alſo to the ſatisfaction of the King himſelf; who for this fortunate Victory, came in Perſon to gratifie theſe Conquerors with his Royal Thanks; where, being unarm'd, eſpy-

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ing them to be his Son *Thalmeno*, with the other two Princes *Palmo* and *Medor*, very courteously went and embrac'd them congratulating the Conquest of their Magnanimities: The Queen likewise being advertis'd of this unexpected News, accompanied with the Princesses *Athelia*, *Mersilva* and *Florina*, together with a numerous Train of glistering Ladies, came also to congratulate them, and so after many Complements and amorous Ceremonies were past, conducted them in a most triumphant manner to the Palace; where they were no sooner arriv'd, but burning with Desire to know who these vanquish'd Knights were, they so far prevail'd with the King, that he presently dispatch'd away a Nobleman, to invite them to the Court: when instantly the vanquish'd Cavaliers, accompany'd with many Troops of valorous Knights, directed their Pace to the Court, where passing the silver Hall and golden Gallery, they were conducted into the Presence, where the King, Queen and Princesses, under a glorious Crimson Canopy of State, imboss'd with Diamonds, attended their Arrival; at whose Entrance, descending their Thrones, they advanc'd

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to Complement them: but our Three Beautiful Princeſſes juſt going to Complement them, glancing their Eyes upon their Phyſiognomy, immediately perceived they were their unexpected Natural Royal Parents: The ſudden Viſion whereof, put them in ſome Diſorder; yet it was ſo innocent, that it rather was a Friend, than an Enemy to their Beauties: They quickly ſuppreſt it, and betwixt Love and Duty, proſtrated themſelves at their Feet, craving Pardon: at which amazing Accident, the Cavaliers, ſeriouſly obſerving their Beautiful Complexions, found them, abſolutely, to be their only Daughters; ſo that Natural Affection, created Tears of Raviſhing Joys from their Eyes, being Tranſported beyond Meaſure, at this unxpected Fortune, they raiſed them from the Ground, and fixing their ſight upon each others Countenances, they a long time remained Silent; but at laſt, accumulating their Senſes, in a joyful Acelamation, ſpoke theſe Words,

'Welcome dear Daughters to your 'ſorrowful Parents, and Millions of 'Thanks to ſacred *Jehovah*, for inveſting 'our Eyes, with theſe ſo long deſired

'Objects.

'Objejects. Which the King, with his Queen, no ſooner heard, but perceiving them to be the Happy Parents of theſe Virtuous Ladies, in a moſt Affectionate manner went and congratulated them, bleſſing the Divine Hour, which afforded them the Honour of their Preſence, and Rejoycing, in their Arrivals they were made ſo Fortunate. The Three Angelical Princeſſes all this while with Tears in their Eyes, ſtood trembling, fearing leſt their Fathers would reprove them for breach of Duty: Which their Parents perceiving, demanded the Occaſion of their Diſcomſolateneſs; but they dying their Complexions with a Vermillion Bluſh, ſtood meerly Silent: Which King *Druino* remarking, ſtept to their Fathers, and related to them, that being Married without their Royal Conſents, he ſuppoſed the Diſcoverv of it, they were fearful would incur their Diſpleaſure: 'Married! ſaid their Fathers, 'Royal Couſin, I beſeech you to whom? To which King *Druino* reply'd, '*Athelia* 'to Prince *Thalmeno* my Son, and Heir 'apparent to my Crown; *Merſilva* to 'Prince *Palmo*, Son to *Blithgora*, King 'of *Egypt*, and *Florina*, to Prince *Me-*

'*dor*,

dor, Son to *Orlando*, King of *Bisfara*. The which theſe Royal Parents no ſooner underſtood, but rejoycing in that their Daughters were ſo honourably match'd, they went and moſt Affectionately Embraced them. King *Druino* ſeeing them therewith ſo well ſatisfy'd; moreover told them; That it was thoſe three Princes, their Sons-in-Law, that ſo Valoruſly had conquer'd them; which again adminiſtred ſo much Joy, that they deſired to bleſs their Eyes with the happy Object of their unknown Sons Perſonages; which immediately was perform'd: For our Heroical young Princes, no ſooner underſtood this ſtrange News, but inſtantly poſting to their Preſence, they very Obediently ſaluted them, imploring Pardon for their audacious Enterprizes; which with a Gracious Reply, was ſoon granted, them, ſo embracing them in the ſight of their Daughters, with an Affectionate Sympathy, they, in publick view, generally ratify'd, that which before was ſolemnly Celebrated.

King *Druino* perceiving this unexpected Heroical Meeting, remarking how their ſweet Martialiſts of Affection were with their ſweet Princeſſes fortunately United,

United, fail'd not, in moſt Triumphant Order, to embelliſh this Royal Aſſembly with extraordinary Grandeur: ſo as Banqueting theſe Foreign Kings with ſuch Princely Entertainment, as was Equivalent to their Royal Perſons, he a long time retained them in his *Cicilian* Kingdom, to the no leſs Joy of his faithful Subjects, than Admiration of all Foreign Spectators; many Days were expir'd in ſolemnizing theſe Triumphs, the Honour whereof mounting the Skies, will till Eternity, redound to the *Cicilian* Fame.

The Three renowned Kings ſeeing it now high time to draw homewards, becauſe they knew the publick Affairs of their Kingdoms requir'd their Preſence, prepar'd themſelves to depart; and ſo gratifying King *Druino* for their Royal Entertainment, and taking their Gracious Leave of the Queen and Nobility of *Cicilia*, they at laſt with their Princely Sons and Daughters, Embark'd themſelves: When a favourable Gale blowing them from the *Cicilian* Coaſt, did moſt pleaſantly re-conduct them in Safety to their own Kingdoms: So as *Thalmeno* being with his fair *Athelia* arriv'd in the Terri-

Territories of *Zanfara*; *Palmo*, with his ſweet *Merſilva*, in the Country of *Bohemia*, and *Medor*, with his dear *Florina*, in the Confines of *Numidia*, they all happily there lived in the height of moſt amorous Affection; till at laſt, Death Summoned their aged Parents to pay Nature her Due; and being deprived from the Vanity of this Earthly Kingdom, to be inveſted Saints in the Celeſtial Monarchy, our young Princes were in their ſtead, moſt Triumphantly Crowned, where Living in great Tranquillity, they a long time Reigned, to the Joy of their Subjects, and their own Hearts Content.

FINIS.

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